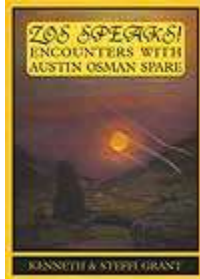


~ The Logomachy of Zos ~

By Austin Osman Spare



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From the book "ZOS SPEAKS: Encounters With Austin Osman Spare" by Kenneth and Steffi Grant.

Wisdom is a stasis: Knowledge is like the 'snake of eternity', constantly eating itself and never finishing.

More bathos: connexity of all our bloody selves to Ego is a nightmare commanded by the overlooked, unbeyed latencies of return, essential for re-union.

Ego expands by that which evokes mutual effluxes; therefore look for the Theocentric in the Egocentric.

If God personalizes our deficiencies, then, we thus personify his?

Subject understanding object by 'as if' may become, with courage, an ingressive emotional experience giving mutual expression.

Falsehood, and all sham conceits, are the reflected memory of the de-related and forgotten event resurging, re-exhibiting for validation; for whatever you pretend, holds a misplaced Truth, i.e., inaccurately related time and place. This also is true of the future. Time here is long...

Of whom do we ask forgiveness when we hate ourselves?

Our urges are ever ubiquitous, affinities change, and Knowledge becomes redundant.

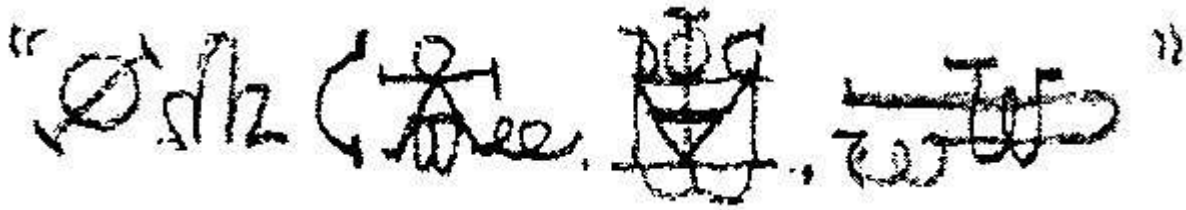
Never too old to learn, always too old to be taught.

If all realization is by our relatability to different co-existences, then making the more variable is one purpose of being.

The Life-force and the Ids have their logic, which does not preclude our having our own diversity of will. There is virtue in all non-conformity because it makes new forms.

Ecstasy is our out-span touching Reality. It is a potent generative instant having a surplus that, when synchronized, may be used abstractly to incarnate another wish.

There is honesty of purpose in virility.



We are ever ultimate and all ultimates ultimately sublimate in Auto-Ego.

I ask, what is conceivable when we cannot conceive even what we are conceiving?

The mocking Ape, the smiling God, both beckon and will endow.

Thrice did I slip backwards into strange forms of myself, and thrice did my Soul save me.

Much is realized that seldom can be expressed and when it might be told—dissolves.

Mind, body, ego and all things are formulated from desire; to desire forever...

Within the Alphabet lies all the arbitrary abracadabra of our knowledge.

The dominant difference between each of us, and between all of us and the animal kingdom is a degree of 'ability', of instinct become 'personal', arbitrary. Outstanding ability shows affective psychic union.

Art alone having the gift of tongues has universal understanding, hence to know its fundamentals is the initial path to Wisdom and Knowledge.

However great your reach, whatever you touch, shall touch flesh.

We cannot love love too much when we find it.

There is a self-revelation by a simple cryptic symbol: the meaning of all meanings. Think well before you drain this Cup of intoxicating possibilities.

When our aspirations become as inexorable as affection, the mind will divulge techniques and media.

Heaven makes no moral laws, but gives us instincts towards rightness and virtue.

The danger of the dynamic mind is that it seeks all kinds and degrees of complexity: fundamentals are a lost purpose in this forest of detail.

Let us desire no better pantheon than the zoomorphic in which to find a place: better to venerate our animal ancestry (until fully human), then the least attainable and most unknowable will disclose our next step.

However incompatible discoveries may be they always conform to the processes of ultimate inductions from our inherent designing ability.

The mind has no known purpose except that which it surmises from previous conations; all our motives are thus related processes springing from a basic urge deep within us and manifesting as Self-love.

Thinking is an inverse reflection of emotional needs, its resultants being changed by some other immediacy.

Abortive and extreme metamorphoses occur when Man slips into excessive evil or good. There is that theurgy in Will when all desires focus into one meanness or greatness.

Reversion is often the road to perversion, and the disused or abused degenerates unless transposed to another purpose.

Love shall cease when copulation is abjured.

Things more excellent than themselves are expressed through Art when our selves are expressed in them.

The artist illumines unseen beauties and awakens us to the utility of beauty as pleasure of a more permanent kind.

We conceive from the whole until detail destroys.

To know the fundamentals of Art is to know the path of all wisdom.

What does not exist Man will invent or imagine.

Much is realized and so seldom expressed that when it might be told it is already forgotten.

The self-glory of our forgiveness of ourselves and others—these are our failures.

Emotional depth can bestow originality of expression.

We find in Art experiences missed in life.

Art is the coinage whereby we exchange emotional experience for creative life.

All artistic creation is subjective truth in that it relates to lesser known experiences.

Insincerity is an easy form of escape.

One function of Art is to make something more like or unlike itself than it appears.

Of beauty there is no finality; it confirms our inner sense of perfection which changes less than we do.

Over-modesty permits the unworthy to seek our company.

Vicious circle: Fear as the offspring of fearing to face things.

Our near relatives are the greatest insurance against belief in ourselves.

When Art is wanting the beast is superior.

The one constancy in life is change, yet the becoming or going is seldom pleasant.

Birth and death begin, like everything else, before the event.

God is often a generalization of our ignorance and unfulfilment, as "God knows" and "In God's good time"—we forget that *we* are the Knowledge of God *and* his good time.

Anything is justified if superbly simulated; it becomes believable.

The body is so pregnant with beauty that we should be careful of our embellishments.

One thought fills vacuity, two would become actuality and infinite complexity.

Passion has no longevity whatever its object, and has direful awakening.

The threshold of the 'psychic' is the playground of the charlatan.

Only the inspired mind is licensed to symbolize and so co-relate the abstract to the particular or general.

Again and again this "I am God" doctrine has never provided much evidence, except of power *lent* for purposes other than our own. It soon stinks, translating into its reverse form; our exteriorizations and extroversions are un-godly, and to become 'ourselves' we must become unlike them. Gods 'realize' not by negation of others nor by seeing others as inferior, *they* always see themselves as immense.

Man cannot be surpassed until he manifests all his suppressions. Having fulfilled all evil he still possesses great potentialities.

Any 'thing' is a quantum of everything.

A fact is a figment of a truism, therefore all facts are inconclusive. Fictions are devices to explain the indefinables; our whole systematic coherence is so forged.

I am incessantly active on a wonderful job—of finding out what I am doing, and what it means. I can always read into it something other than I did mean; never the meaning of my meaning, or the whole meaning. Then we wonder whether anything has any more meaning than anything else!

How do we know any damned thing? Chaos is our language; our own eccentric rhythms are unsynchronized to Cosmos—with a mildewed ear for the brassy cacophony of imaginary menageries dissonant to each other; and it all ends drooling over minutiae to discover oneself.

Our acceptances are our conclusions.

Existence is alogical to any 'logic' we know, so it is irrational to attempt to rationalize, except in cases of our own prejudices which inform our mentation.

If all phenomena are a fluxing unabsoluteness and are Absoluteness manifest, then is it surprising that we manufacture our ego that is neither-either but a weirder autism? Yet none remember having desired existence... but indisputably we have Ego, the only certainty we know. I mean by 'Ego', our individuality as distinct and separate from all else.

Within the sensorium is a transcriber, or a synthesizing faculty, using synonymous intangibles where association and experience fail: as the capacity of certain sounds to induce colour images, certain arabesque forms may find aesthetic truth.

All psychoses etc., have their origin in normality, they are not inherent but acquired; indeed at one stage, madness itself is a resolute choice—preferred. When we turn over the obverse of reality we must accept the reverse: autism may be just as satisfying as reality, because it has greater psycho-somatic parallelism. It becomes a faculty—a circularity: 'wish, suppositious deed'; a work of artistry, not of nature.

To reach out, clutch the transient 'thought' and remake it as our own is one form of genius.

Life loveth life as adventitious.

There is more truth in our erotic zones, than in the whole of religions and mathematics.

Truth is emergent and levels our necessities of direction (general or specialized). The function of truth is coherence, it indirectly forms our beliefs and values. We are all specimens of self-evident truth, i.e. audient and endemic as the intermediacy of pure Ego (informing agent) and empirical Ego (conative), conscience being the nexus (emotional value): all Knowledge is of one thing through another.

Within us all, and ever co-essential, is a prescient unknown informer who tones all experience as good and evil: therefore, whatever values or beliefs we hold, to transgress them is fatal.

Any fact or fiction has no difficulty in finding relatables as supporting evidence because everything has a 'point of connection' and a period of reality when instantly and simultaneous to time and place. Our difficulty is to re-evoke 'as now': so we accept semblance of (i.e. make-belief, religion or faith) as substitute of real belief (which needs no other reality than its own: what you cannot conceive as yourself is yourself (as another reality)).

Abstract or concrete: if you suggest a wish to the thing you desire of, in their own manner, there will be a response: So, if I ask my mind in an appropriate manner for a definition of 'consciousness' I shall receive a true answer, although I may not be able to translate it: semantics are either remiss or insufficient to render the sequence of phonographs, but (without understanding) I would receive an emotional impact, like from a significant passage of music (of Bach or Mozart) thus inspire a kind of semantic rendering. (as true as possible)

If we seek escape from reality, then everything we do, will be as by proxy: There are more bogey men than real men.

Everything 'abstract' is unexclusively including, hence we know little of our latencies.

To realize of belief is from 'Thatness', to assert ourselves wholly 'as if That' within, we can only know ourselves by conceiving ourselves as outside ourselves: For nothing you can conceive will be beyond self: To see nullity—look within. We imagine our thinking & reasoning is within, whereas it only manifests through the body (the expressional means).

Hate in its various forms is the strongest emotion, far more potent and far easier to evoke than any other. Hence there are more people labouring to make the world worse than better. Until man re-assesses this 'value' not only as 'dominant inferiority', the repercussions of which are 'self'-defeating and pre-determined, his future will be a baleful aftermath.

We are not individuated so much by our material composition as by our purposeful functioning to redirect the Ids, to channel them by arbitrary means, as though self-willed.

We are all self-constructed Egos and necessarily concentric; whether altruistic or not is as may be.

O, Death, thou wouldst be the bringer of great gifts wert thou not a misnomer—'the end'. In some manner
do all the weary speak.

If the Absolute relates to non-absolutes and all antitheses, then we lack only the 'conjunctualism' for
infinite inter-relatability and self-identity.

Being unnecessary to ourselves (as others), entails everyone becoming necessary for our survival.

When the denial of a proposition is incapable of being conceived, then the proposition is to be accepted
as necessary or true: when you find such a proposition, there will be no necessity for it.

God is absolutely my own Idea: otherwise God cannot exist.

The greater the contrasts we encounter the greater our reality: Truth is all contrasting.

(Our) fictions constantly interacting create a co-essential *supposition*, seek blood, join memory's
causatory chain, become as real as, or equal to, or better than, a stale reality.

Our imaginary excesses are the hylic of possibility.

If you act with ulterior motive or for evil, a thousand unseen hands will assist you, indeed the devil himself
will attend if guised as altruistic. But if you act anonymously and virtuously, only God will help you (which
is doubtful).

When we say 'I Believe', it is usually a lip avowal from an infected mouth of borrowed precepts or
simulations, as living an inexperience. Belief must be vital, livable, and as unquestioned as our blood-
circulation or heart-throb.

Some things are far distant in time and space; we journey by relatability (whether fictional or non-fictional,
either will serve).

Man's love of fancy dress, of masquerading, is true translatable symbolism: one fiction guising another.

There are conventions of asking, giving, receiving and taking. How remiss we are—we often ask, give to,
receive or take from the wrong people.

We are dimensionally caged but nothing prevents our looking through the bars—imagination has fewer
bars than reasoning.

Thought is like the Ether, it conveys and permeates all things, giving all we initially know. And what do we
give in return?

Morality is a reciprocal discipline necessary to survival, and to protect the inexperienced from
consequences unnecessary or unequal to development.

The jungle law is superior to ours, but then man makes his laws.

All pleasures eventually equalize; their difference is of duration and degree. When certain pleasures are
constant we naturally strive for their preservation. Hence to me a 'large fat woman's bottom' is spacious
and spatial—I know nothing better—so why should I disavow or transfer to 'Love of God', or anything
else? I am loving God via a fat arse. All true appreciation of the abstract is through other things. Better

this, than acquiesce by faith in non-inferentials. Actuality, like belief, is asserted by feeling. So the Soul loveth all who loveth him through those things he maketh: he who appreciates my work...

When you laugh at others you are 'seeing yourself as others see us', but there is this qualification—there is very little good portraiture, there is no *quaquaversum* of truth, only quasiness.

Poetry is accomplished hyperbole.

Anomalies of language are numerous but some used here to further a more logical form and show the purpose of my own system: a personal form of articulating abstracts for psycho-somatic changes and communication of Mind and Ego. The ethos of language should be unequivocal 'meanings' (in any rational semantical system) with the least ambiguous syntax possible.

All symbols, as words, are configured meanings. Any series of such meanings as a sentence should be short, a natural apophthegm. Simplicity is the diction of clarity. Therefore, as a phrase: 'I prefer fat women', as an opinion, is passable, and the least erudite would understand. Being partitive, gives the implication of 'why' to the receiver, who, if knowing me would add: sensual, amiable, beautiful, cultured; others, without knowing me, might mentally add some such as a generality applicable to most. Nothing of which is in the sentence. So, however simple a statement (apart from the stupid) more will be read into it than is expressed, the by-product being—as writing—the possible assumptions of others as though implicit, when not so, and our assumption that they will understand our meaning however clumsy or inexplicably stated. All of which is useless for response from our own mind: Any partitive statement will formulate itself (as complete) from others assertions as conviction. Only our convictions as self-truths are responsive from Ego to mind. Therefore the assertion 'God is love', 'God is hate', 'God is indifferent', are not my self-truths, but if I believe as subtractive then intercommunion is possible, for instance as self-truth: (inasmuch as) 'I believe in myself, all things believe in me.' For if I believe in myself unquestionably, therefore I believe all things. Therefore if I transcribe 'I prefer fat women' by my own symbols, becomes a

request with all essential qualifications, thus: and answered by the mind, whereas the verbal rendering would be futile. Another predicament of verbal forms, e.g., if I state: 'He is a splendid man' (of a person known to us both) it would be understood that I implied only physically (as their moral, social and mental value was remiss). Here the designated subject speaks more than the words used.

Hence the same sentence to another (not knowing the person) leaves them guessing as to true reference: They would have to apply, as meaning as of general worth (or Ideal). Therefore, interpretation of words depends mainly on equal knowledge of subject and some values of meanings.

Every foetus has (an exterior) prescience as to destination from which, concurrently, is developed its own perception by experience: personal ego ex universal Ego. Hence our fore-knowledge is an abstract ominous conscience.

How Fate steals the things we love best! Hymen is poxed, the odalisques survive in pathetic stews, man stinks: how did it occur? Greed is the infectious disease.

The only attribute of God is Man (or vice versa).

Some phantasms are a species of object impressionistically perceived and amalgamated with another, more rational, impression.

Man believes by hetero-suggestion far more than he experiences 'now', though what he mainly believes are similitudes of past experience.

A fictions is unattributable to anything known and nothing is known for certain.

All conation is synthetic derivation, our best—that little difference.

When enthusiasm and effort are co-equal and joined in purpose—realization is near, whatever its merit.

Life does not decrease but increases by fulfilment. We were generated and do ourselves generate.
Whether we shall ever originate is locked up in our unknown future potentialities and not in our
nominalism and knowledge.

'To know ourselves', 'to renounce ourselves', etc., are postulates of hyperbole; we but change our mental
clothes by new figures of speech. The mind is our index of the infinite exhibiting a universe of which we
know little; yet the *unknowable* within us is vaster and hence more potent of possibility.

We have erected the negation of equity into a form of existence by systems of government: our birthrights
are stolen at birth and to keep us empty-handed we are taught—'Thou shalt not steal'.

Look into your past to forecast your future.

Is it short-sighted to limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities? Yet all expression is
within the limits of definite technique and formalism—whatever our attempts at diversity.

What do we know for certain? In the complexity of differences we become endowed with pretence and
dogmatize our lies.

The mystery of beauty, the undivulged of things, gives them their enchantment not their known meanings.

There is a Third Eye! To paraphrase "let not thy right eye see what thy left eye seeth" would be a
'distinction without much difference', except for our willful blindness to all permitted self-deceptions which
are seen and recorded by the inner eye. You may delude your fore-consciousness, but not what is
beneath.

...And of the noumenal, our eternity, we hope that all our efforts in life are ultimately for a permanent
perfection, with change an additional pleasure. Everything, knowledge and experience of life contradicts
such a possibility.

Is *the* Truth necessary? The need is for our own Truth: lack of integrity makes for sterility and is
meaningless. Things more necessary than Truth are expressed through our efforts to render such.

An infliction of old age is the indictment of all ages; be certain that your non-successes, accidents, and all
illnesses however slight, will be the result of your agedness.

There are no conclusive conclusions, yet nothing germinates unless we have, or make, the necessity of
arbitrary 'will-desire-belief' for a possible image of our ambition.

The eclectic path is not an avoidance of obstacles, but an alignment (often oblique) that cuts through from
one predetermined place to another.

God is within us?—not yet seen, but as a mirror's reflection: an in-existent reality of presence without
residence.

Ideas *you* conceive are their own possibility.

The great sterilities: the numen and the human—ever present—are stercoraceous images of greed under
other names.

When one sees one's reflection everywhere and sees everything in oneself one becomes as the Stoic. One is never lost to 'Ego' or one's ego to eternity: the outwardness of ego is the recessive and remaining part of ourselves.

Through mind is our all-reachingness, and through the copula; our technique of articulating desire is limited, bad or mad.

Soul and mind are indifferent to our language but respond to affectiveness when conveying pure sentiment.

Where Ego goeth, there only is the sensation and perception of reality.

We call certain events 'Acts of God', or 'Fate', whereas they are the workings of equity from our own past Karma.

We make words ambiguous by adding *our* meaning; qualifications become endless and few understand themselves or each other.

Whatever you assert of the gods is more true of yourself.

All ways to Heaven lead to flesh. Our re-orientation and ascent from Earth must start here: nothing is obtained except by desire and our only medium is flesh—mouth and hand. In the midst of reality we strive for unreality, hence I teach the equal reality of all things, man and his illusions—flesh of dreams... There is a lamentable display of the non-artists shadow-fighting their fears; automata actuated by their own committed untruths seeking their fulfilment.

Truth is everywhere, there is nothing untrue anywhere; it may appear so, because we cannot accurately relate it.

I behold multiplicity in all things and myself as the inter-relating oneness, for whatsoever else I conceive will lead me astray or into 'as if'. The more I get into things the more I am beyond them, so, the more within, the more without...

I am everywhere present, yet unknown to myself except in Ego. I am a configuration of all the multitudinous compositions, and knowing not myself fully how can I know much of other selves and the gods? But the man we know is mainly made from the beliefs that he enacts, for 'being' is a function of the all-remembering Soul: so believe from your *necessities*, which alone obtain response and recompense—whether of good or evil.

Nightmare: how dreadful is this place; is it some religious hereafter?

'One in All', etc., and thousands of other generalizations, are language *faecia*, meaningless concretions, the 'stinking lump' spelling chaos out of which sprang order by separateness and every inequality, with the supreme attainment of individuality and ego.

Wisdom is the realisation of the mysterious incomprehensibility of all things, whoever the designer; and all the partial disclosures of knowledge prove this.

If I was begotten of all yesterdays then Ego (made of my memories become flesh) is my only lamp for the tomorrows.

My gods have grown with me.

The secret of happiness is to be in harmony with yourself; little more is permitted or desirable. Seek your environment and adapt it: do not ask me what is 'yourself'—I know only vaguely what I have made from Self into myself.

If others loved themselves half as much as I do, there would be no wars. Everything would seem less dangerous than Reality, for everyone would escape or unrender it.

Vitality of idea, vitality of form and balance of composition—these are the essentials of the masters who make their truths live.

When you are bored it is evidence of disease—you are going blind, deaf, or are paralyzed, etc.

Friendship is only the refraction of a desire for a fuller self. Until I am God in myself, I am nothing to God.

We are much worse in prospect than in retrospect.

Passion is purchased by passion. Those of small desires will only bleed you and make you as necessitous as themselves.

When we exploit the extent of solitude we find it more crowded than a great company and the abode of our own realities. There is no retirement from solitude, and, when we fear it, conscience is actively malignant.

Only dominant desire shall compel us to do what we want to do successfully.

Nature is an integrating principle, never compelling uniformity.

I do know, not only that I know but also what little I know of my own omniscience.

I dreamed the psychic world was a concurrent inverse devolution; man, failing as human, reincarnates as a caricature of the beast.

The price of Identity is suffering.

I believe in 'strangerhood': the trouble with 'brotherhood' as an ideal is that man's present behaviour is too bloody for words.

Space is the limit of probabilities; Time, of the immediately possible. Lies are the reflective exhibitionism of some 'forgotten' event we wish to re-live. Whatever lie you state could be true—at one time, at another time, but not at this time and place. We must first create a suitable environment.

Our 'personal religion' is often a suppressed sentimentality to benefit others; when so, we are at our best.

Words, words, words, however used, whatever they symbolize, request, or tell, say more, showing *in between* the antics of all motives. Yes, word-rendering deals the quickest of deaths to flabby ideas; and also words are the most poignant, suggestive, contagious, substitutive and lasting means to convey anything. Most deadly virus, most potent abreaction of magic subtlety even your erasures reveal your believing by their *persuasive influence* and their magic.

If a wish formulates its meaning from a parallel likeness, it will have a substantive exegesis.

The giver who gives desiring no requital is without fault: the receiver has a moral onus as the contra-givee; there is ultimate equitable recompense in all things.

The '*Summum bonum*' of evaluation is equitable compensation or compromise between differentiations; our 'thisness' in relation to 'thatness'. Ours the intensive, otherness the extensive.

All psycho-traumas relate to the subconscious and change us from the instinctive to the deliberate.

If we see a thing and feel nothing the result is almost nullity, just as if we touch something and visualize nothing. Emotive sensation is our highest process and function.

Sincerity is difficult except through lasting affections, being unstable in adaptation and tending to dysteleology. Sincerity is the quintessence of sentiment, our deep feeling (or 'aesthesia'); it creates our ability and formulates our temperament, individuality, and character.

No man is an independent individual. We are unaware that 'being' is infinitely interrelated and our re-relatability is our only form of reality, though it is always a temporary union.

Longevity and youthful appearance are bound up with infantilisms, with its own group of habitualized fixations, phobias and inhibitions.

The common stench—self-righteousness.

Mathematical alignments 'prove' the pragmatism of 'as if': a straight line being a segment of an undetermined and extensive arch.

Forms obtain additives by dimensional differentia and orientations of objects perceived.

The quintessence of monotony: all things alike and equal.

Panacea: not presence, impulse, conceit, but the audacity of 'instant mind-courage' in action, is the answer that fulfils.

Nature teaches equal significance of all things: the blade of grass, the dead God or a live sow, all are of the same earthly worth. Of supernal value is your service of remaking self in unlikenesses of yourself.

The unjustly injured are not benefited if the same injury is inflicted on the aggressor: punishment should not only be corrective but compensatory to the victim. This does not preclude other kinds of deterrents if necessary.

If you must murder, seek the murderers; meet evil with evil, even unto yourself.

Ego: a contra-reflective symbol of the noumenal becoming fertile from our own inexhaustible refractibility. Ego is a power of conjunctivity, a second-hand reality of the noumenal, functionally divergent from the original: a fluxing all-directional appetite, connective by all 'as if'; equivalents becoming directive by disparities.

Autists as artists validate their wishes by conative effort, proving their concepts as the pre-determining force of possibility and metamorphosis.

Life is an endless re-creation. Whatever we are, our value is in the next existential: always a composite of some yesterday's potentialities.

Whether we are inspired by the Gods or by any other means, it is all the same: we are as They, and much as they are to us.

"No law but mine", no fool has ever succeeded in maintaining.

Thought is an impression subsequent to feeling, prior to which it has no signature.

All equations are an assumption: an averaging of variant inequalities from inexactitudes as an approximate—remiss always.

Time-space is an empirical relativism deriving from our manifold of incomplete and unsynthesized representations seeking nexity. The unrelated has neither time, space, nor ego.

We cannot guess our purpose, and never surpass it, but it is imperative that we believe in one for it confers ability.

There is no balance without equal tension or reciprocal compensation.

We are as shadows of our doubts, delusion-reared, haunted by hopes and fears, cramped in some corner we imagine real and secure... And pray to God, intent to prey.

The incredible may follow the possible, because none can assess what may become true or what is impossible. When we speak of the impossible or the inconceivable we really mean something that is impossible immediately, that that moment of time cannot find relationship with the past.

We best serve ourselves by serving others the necessity of themselves; our defaulting is bathos and bloody.

Everything is manifest, the fault is our inability to apprehend from our level. Knowledge is slowly gained from experience and appearances, explaining the less known by the known by the faculty of reasoning.

Whoever exploits the less probable as possible is a fine artist.

How can you be dynamic with small beliefs and small desires?

Whoever we are, the borrowed pretensions are our defect—always less worthy than our own Truth, unnecessary and futile. By them we are unfitted to be sincere; it endangers what good we have: this mediocracy lives only its inferiorities.

Chastity may be a safeguard, never an excitement or adventure. But do not pride yourself, for fall you must.

Death is necessary for forgiveness...

Rightly man is screened from much of himself—he already hates too much.

The wrong motive underlies our righteousness and faulting others becomes our meat.

Old age is our best advertisement, for it has sucked the poison of most things and survived.

The beliefs we make are the best for us, whatever their truth. Any belief is sanctified by the believing, and justified by results.

The best in me may be the worst in you, or vice versa.

If death is our reformation it is also a long term of forgetfulness; when reborn we seldom know who we were before.

Inspiration is our only fortuitous gift from the Soul.

The sexually devitalized have necessity only with death.

When I feel nature, I feel that truth is immanent—in the vastnesses, the vistas, where my Soul dwells. There is nothing ashamed, meretricious or facetious. Facing this majesty I feel ashamed of my false shame and pretences, for here 'I am', with my significance.

Go wherever you have seminal affinities: so sayeth Satyros.

The Soul has no language, level and values, except its own, but it answers to all true affectiveness.

To become oblique is one answer: but our minds have heaped up clichés, coined, borrowed or inherited, mostly spurious. So stultified—not by limits of language, or by dumbness—we fail through falsities and half-believing, by fears bred of cramped growth, obedience to uninspired patterning, and we lose our impassioned creativeness by accepting easy conventions, idioms, and shoddy imitations.

We hate and love ourselves only through others. Heaven save us from looking only for our own likenesses.

Life is a potency, becoming a selection of indulgences; a path through the chaos we make—how soon fearing. Shocked, we cry out for salvation, and backslide to some old mothering or protectiveness. No escape but to breathe the human smell, touch the hirsute flesh: shall again adventure... must transgress.

Compensating mechanisms often demand an antithesis to balance or fulfil them, as with character and temperament: an ideal union—the masculine woman and the effeminate man.

Equity is the stabilizer of eternity.

Man's environmental ills are his making; the irresponsible delegating of authority to shelve his own responsibility.

Unappreciated ability becomes devitalized, breeds a self-indulgent sickness—a self pity that suffers alone.

Importance lies in things 'as now'. Flesh exists to be exploited. It is in all things and all things will be through it. All emanations are through the flesh and nothing has reality for us without it. The Soul is ever unknowable because we can only realize by finite form in Time-Space. So, whatever you attribute to the inconceivable is *your* Ego, as conceived. The mind and its great thought-stream determines everything and permits all things conceivable as possible. This thought-stream refracts illations both from the Soul and from ourselves into our time-sense—images and symbols which inspire us from the inter-relatabilities, and our reactions form our future destiny of good and evil with thought the nexus to all things past and becoming. Whether the gods created us or we created them is of no import except as an expedient.

If I were merely the delegated automaton of the great 'Id' (desire) with pre-ordained channels, amoral, endowed with phallic grandiosity and let loose among excitements, I would end in hysteria unto paralysis: there is a law of reversal.

Giving our so-called services to others is the genuine 'as if'.

It isn't essential to know the reason or purpose of things, or the 'why', 'whither', 'whence'; they were begotten of Eternity and our comprehension is begotten of Time. Your virtue is to believe in yourself as your self, i.e., as an individual making your individuality: *Cogito, ergo sum*.

Vital belief overcomes all things, in that it will endow us with the means to do so.

Time is not a separate dimension but a purely human and arbitrary contrivance of measurement by comparison; yet time is integrated in us and all things as our spaciousness and our essential way of realizing and knowing our 'narrow corner'.

When all permutations and combinations of Form have obtained, will dimension cease? Will the last imminence become, and Time enter Eternity?

Sacrifice is the first duty of self-love.

Our purpose and completeness fully to realize Self is in our existence for others, but the hand of weakness leads us to evil.

The disaster of love is that it gives us occasion to love in one person what we should love in all.

The discarding of inhibiting beliefs by reorientation and substitution gives a selected level adjustable to the new Idea, and becomes the matrix for obsession. The tight packing of space and the involuntary enforced silence are premonitions of pregnancy from this act.

The deliberate delayed satisfaction of an urge, when serving another intent, is of greater benefit to the person concerned than its immediate satisfaction. Urges serving their immediacy are often a failure, a disservice resulting in degenerate offspring.

...And remember, you shall suffer all things and again suffer: until you have sufficient sufferance to accept all things.

A thing only has reality and meaning when it has affinities and associations, however implicit.

I believe in the power of belief.

Nothing is more costly than principles: because their maintenance depends on ourselves.

Day-dreams are our cheapest luxuries.

Whatever our avowal we never worship the same god for long—desires change.

With little evidence we form meanings and judgments and dogmatize that our propositions are considered opinion against all immediate experience. Thoughtless assertions or anxious expressionism are too frequent and none perceives the full meaning or implication of partitive statements or generalizations. Most conclusions are mere sentences that need endless qualification.

Arrestment sets limits that are more prolific of exploration than unstable wandering; there is need of a period of unlearning, of de-indoctrination, of de-mathematicalization, of transvaluating, of fresh levels and directions, a new category of definitions and meanings for possible and probable Ideals.

Ideas issue from the impact of strong contrasts and urge our search for new sensations. Without negations reality would become anemic and linear.

I know too many gods... yet the greatest stranger to me is myself. And those who speak so glibly and knowingly of God (alleged Absolute), who know his ways, wills, desires, etc., are committed to their inferiority. The word 'God' once uttered seemingly proliferates into all ungodliness. Why they imagine that God needs the endowment of human attributes is a mystery as profound as their ignorance—unless this 'half-idiot God' desires to impersonate us and thereby, *quid pro quo*, permit us to impersonate him? And so we make an adaptable God, one to barter with... defraud. This stuff, this moon-wrack, well suits the human equation. If we are in God's image, we know the maker's hand—the old looking-glass self-nomination: so we ever create. Still, we must become designers and cast this strange coinage; whether spurious or of merit it has a value for sure. Whatever our designs, they are derivative and unbeknowningly follow some dicta of the gods: exchangeable by artistic merit?

This is a world of re-living, re-believing, re-valuing, surviving all infirmities to remake and reform. And this furor about reality, whether it exists in us or elsewhere—we have become so confused and confounded by deceptions of logic and nonsense that we do not know even *which* reality we mean. But, whatever we may mean or imply we cannot misrepresent anything of which we know nothing.

How do we know anything? Who told us and where does it come from? Is it a recollection, a re-appearance from latent memory? Our mind inter-relates us as it so wills, from any instant to some early becoming or yet further back, so that we may re-join, relate and re-experience, add to our experience.

Wisdom works from the subconsciousness; we have all experienced 'inspiration' in some form; that strange feeling that climaxes to flash a new conception from our own orientation.

The Absolute is unbecoming and sterile if unbelieved. What is Truth? This question implies colour-blindness; it is asked rather as if Truth were an unrelated fact, thing, or abstract, the reason being that we do not conceive of it as multiple, varied, universal, or complex, but always as abstract. For there are many kinds of truth and all our truths are arrived at through negatives—what has no beginning has no becoming; what is without form has no meaning. Truth is of all things past, actual and potential in the conceptive—therefore Truth is relative. What is true for me may not be so for you, and what is true now may not be so later, or at other times and places, hence truth has a chronology in space and 'time-space truth'. There are the truths we create from our 'as if' realities—environment, character, temperament, learning, etc. Truth is also born of our known and latent beliefs so that to the insincere truth is baffling. Truth may be induced by the obsessive, by faith, or by something committed: these are the 'personal truths', the 'as if truths'. I assert that *all lies are true* when accurately reorientated to time and place, and may be called 'sidereal truths'. 'Absolute truth', if any, is the immediate truth, the instant, already in yesterday, so never is. All reality, all life, all truths are of yesterday, and tomorrow is the beginning of another yesterday and gives 'commutative truth'... but I am sick of all categories, nominalism and all bloody science—so enough of Truth, and, like Pontius Pilate I wash my hands of it. Too much truth in me already...

For *I am I*: ergo, the truth of myself; my own sphinx, conflict, chaos, vortex—*asymmetric* to all rhythms, *oblique* to all paths. I am the prism between black and white: mine own unison in duality.

Look into your past to forecast your future. It is short-sighted to limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities. Yet all expression is within the limits of definite techniques, media, and formalism, whatever our attempts at diversity.

Our greatest thoughts and conations are automatic in origin: the deep pervading significance would appear to be a dissolving omniscience—increative by excreation—as the sun ever unsolicitous, ever giving, ever living: for whatever it taketh it giveth back manifold.

Ego is the reflector of the mind and through us Nature weaves diversity of herself. Her limitless knowledge is at the command of all our Ideas, whether ideal or decadent.

The inexplicable of beauty, the undivulged of things—not their known meanings—gives them their enchantment.

Insight expresses things by symbols and is a pure manner of relating—seeing: the way of some things can be known only by silent graphs—interlocking forms pregnant with meaning.

Existence is fated: the expiation of our past; good and evil rewarded by their aftermath. Avowal of faith has no worth except by the voluntary sacrifice through service to others' needs by which we fulfil our own, and reshape our future: Fate.

Whether within or without, nothing *is* explicit. Nature reveals slowly her techniques and media: her meanings and motives we know nothing of, and guess only from our own desires.

The value of the Artist lies in his awareness that *anything* has its beauty and significance; and in giving 'visual' reality to his conceptions, however fantastic; transforming all falsehood into a truth.

To see ourselves with our eyes open, that is the problem, and to explore our ultimate participations now embedded deeply in layer upon layer of extraneousness: nothing is beyond recall.

Inevitably, Life and Death nourish each other—a constant renovation—so why should we fear our again *becoming the worth we did strive after?*

Words and their meanings cannot change much; their sounds are constant of a hidden content not related to our meanings.

The spurious, embellished by cheap finery is the furniture of the pedant mind and, Imitators Beware: you still have the dog's attitude to its master.

You would save yourselves? My advice is—Keep away from each other, and so keep away from your worst self: our attributes are always bad.

An accomplishment is affectionate longevity: great Art gives... and the finest minds untiringly respond.

Nature is the one tradition that precludes criticism.

Destiny uses strange disguises: the causes of great change appear always superficial or promiscuous.

If we appreciated only what we know as true, there would be nothing to enjoy.

Our deepest feelings are oft enwrapped in the worst sentiment or taste.

Be careful what you cast out—the vacancy is quickly filled.

Do I believe in myself? Look around! Could I be so inconceivably credulous?

Memories resurrected from our sublated selves filled with their experiences are never-ending: Knowledge has a time-lag.

By our spunklessness we suffer, and half-feature and half-form our desires into abortiveness.

The road, for you, is always devious and dangerous.

We often kill ourselves by self-poisoning: Fate follows swiftly our adopting things foreign to our inherent aesthetic values.

The dilemma facing those who search for the Unknown (Self and Truth) is that they will never know when they have found it.

Having succeeded to life awhile—something we *apparently* never desired—must we have the added obligation of thanksgiving?

You cannot obtain anything *from* yourself, only *through* yourself.

'Self-truth' results from the unification of Will, Desire and Belief forced into *one* thing. By this affectiveness the Soul draws near and casts its omniscience over us by inspiration. None knoweth the purpose of life outside Ego... I am content with an effort to be human, with firm belief in the gods' permitting my urge to greater independence.

Superman has passed; the unquiet catafalques are ruins of the classic splendour which no human vandalism could quite destroy. Their tradition survives. They too resurrect—their deputies step forth as gigantesque ghosts and re-live in great artists with the Promethean fire to regeminate afresh. As representative: Michaelangelo, Rabelais, Voltaire, Balzac, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Swift, Darwin etc.

We who seek—whether we know or not what we seek or find, seem forced to face divergent paths; and ever inviting is the non-resistant blind alley to all sameness, to sick and weary life. Other paths, rougher, lead *who so willeth* to new pleasures: verily they lead the life-force with ever-open eye to the awaiting disaster or to chaos—never bathos, self-pity. The brave care nothing.

O ye Gods, say ye nothing? My nightmare told me ye say all things—or my translation is faulty?

Efforts to surpass realism: this poor energy runs weed-like to absurdities, and plethoric unrealism shoves out the vital, the simple. Here, self-arrestment saves: 'as if' reverting to our archaic virginity to effloresce a new surrealism.

Could we but smell! A finger beckons—the ruttish side-glance; we lurchingly detour to grasp the painted hussy. All fishy suspicions fade: then we awaken—wedlocked to sickly evil...

Give up, give up, stuttereth cowardice: crawl another ceiling? Ride another ass? So mocks my own tiredness. Awake, break the neck of your bloody Id or ride him till he drops.

I am never less than I am, but through wrong susception.

All will be thine, sayeth the mind, i.e., all who 'will rightly'. Those who sacrifice everything to one purpose—whether for good or evil—are granted power and the formidable weapon of words.

The wise man often exuviates his knowledge, rectifies his pastiche of acceptances and reverts to simple fundamentals. By courage his eye is never stale and his levels become as steps. He again reorientates by oblique divagation, new asymmetries, dynamics, complexities and funambulatory compositions; never destroying his essential dis-symmetry.

There are egotists who—merely touched by a 'home truth'—become ruthlessly callous and vengeful or hysterically accuse *you* of *their* failings: always upstarts to their failings.

Love for all things is integral beauty; it has no hate or possessiveness; its law is its own causality. Passions may be controlled but we best love by non-will as inclination dictates: so accept love wherever you may find it. It is difficult to recognize because it never asks.

All our denials, even of ourselves, come from non-acceptance: the unrealisation of otherness in self; of the Absolute in the non-absolute.

Contact with reality: the impact of flesh on flesh by every illogical means is the only logical thing.

Our unsocial acts are paid for by our future deformities: redemption is by our own blood.

Sex abreacted between two becomes seductive and consummation should naturally follow.

Is it our misconception of Self which determines the evil will of man, formulating a disastrous law to which he is ever subject?

"I desire" is all of life. Desires are born of necessity, by sincerity of belief and striving for realization, yet always originating through the fictional supposition from reality. Thus Man creates his conceptions from his conception of a soul—from his wish for one, and he becomes his mental flesh. 'As if' ultimately becomes its own reality, but you will never know it as your creation, for Man already possessed a Soul and formed this other from his suppositions, never disentangling the two. Thus Ego is twice-born—hence our duality.

The Absolute appears to become other than itself, for it is sufficient; it is and is not, nor is it beyond, nor in, nor of, me, or anything else: it is 'Neither-Neither'. If I say, "it alone is arbitrary", that would also be eristic, and everything we may state mere supposition—for it "need not be". I call it 'all the abilities of impossibles' (of conception).

To face armies—yea, even death: to enjoy the set place: to enkindle our acquaintance as on a festive occasion: to welcome the other selves as oneself—that my love should be. For when I face my soul I am as naked as in death. Therefore, rejoice now in all thy coverage.

The 'Ids' have created a new Grand Style which fulfils itself by attaining a non-ethical Ideal with the idealized Ugly as an aesthetic that has become more creative than the gods.

Soul permitted Mind—the first form, and spatial. Imagination and rhythm, the machinery of this higher basic harmony is—by our ecstasy—contiguous because it is a flash of reality. All our transference is by the harmony and imagination granted us.

The figures and forms of our less deliberate expressions become the personifications of our abstract emotion—a sequence by the intensities of our feeling.

Whatever we invite and accept of our thoughts must gather me into metaphor by a known tautology revealing our lesser-known attitudes to things.

Character is the measurable result of modified or controlled desires. Ability exhibits our affective psychic unions.

The conjugation of *a priori* and *a posteriori* created the Anoëtic.

The way of Ego is by impact, then by recognition, action, emotional relating, and ultimately the de-theosizing of our self-conception.

Am I all things? Are all things in me? All things *become* emanations of Ego, but first I must forsake my parents and walk alone.

The Noumenal of things is *unrelated truth*, because when related cognition becomes creaturely, un-universal, relative. An empty vase holds space yet it is only a shape enveloping a measurement of space in space. Truth manifests manifoldly and our own Truth manifests by complex refraction, reverse-inverse always diverse, not as it is. Thus, our conceptions are always partitive and our deviations project the dimensions of our cognition. The ground of abstract human sentiment and ability is from inherent atavisms generating a potential and ultimating via an ideal.

'Like' first recognized differences and then likenesses. The emotional contact gave effusion which helped us to see interrelationships everywhere and—the inducement to new likenesses in what would have been unlikely.

The magical act is a fulgurant of one's whole affectiveness by wish-education.

Who may know his complete likeness, so much being hidden? The Astrals, Elementals, Mind, Soul? We realize something of the body's mechanism and of the affectiveness of the whole; at its interrelations we may only guess. Every fact gleaned shows us merely greater ignorance of ourselves. Therefore, speak not of God, speak for yourself alone, for when you know yourself you will know your gods.

The yeasty conceits of adolescence that flourish unchecked, unrealized by merely wishing, linger on and become dramatically traumatic as substitutions for reality—always a change transference of absurdities.

The uncommitted life becomes deeply committed to an ultimate aftermath that will be compensatory (good or bad); all are caught in this ironic paradox.

Nothing exists that is unnecessary; ergo, only those things shall and may exist that we make necessary to ourselves—not in conformity to our logical/moral standards but to our own value-urges by 'as if'.

A dissipating passion never leads to a worthwhile reality in consummation.

The only certainties are the great uncertainties of unremembered commitments to
myself.

The real, or 'as if', with unsuitable substitution leads only to instability through dissatisfaction.

Speak not of the inconceivableness of God for I am this but am not a god.

Sensations are impacts from phases of outer energy, relevant or not but mostly hurtful.

Communion with your Noumen is 'as if' through Ego by an apocryphal symbology. Even with great virtue of belief none can attain union with Soul or Noumen for they are ever interlocked. Why begin with false beliefs? Your unions are with your own ideas of them.

The first law was duality, determining by differentiated duplication; for whatever is begotten is from a similarity. The chain of causation is a sequence of entities becoming less and less similar and, eventually, a unique diversion to the prototype and to each other.

The immemorial universal (refracted through mind and senses) becomes personified as Ego which manifests more and more through the ever increasing complexity of matter, as body-entity. The 'dualities' of Soul, Mind, Ego and Body, with their inexact duplications, baffle and bewilder us.

Ego is our soul becoming its own. Though now dependent, chained to body, caged by dimensions, yet we are occasionally granted visual telaesthesia which reveals that we 'need not be' as minions, but are ultimately independent.

Ego while adolescent is unstable, wayward, contradictory, appearing as psychomachy and without theanthropic possibilities.

Mind gives function, determines, endows and benefits Ego via the body, from which it must realize. Hence Ego's interactions with body do not appear parallel with mind but with body.

Whether Ego will ultimately be free of, or create 'body' as so needed are alternatives no more impossible than any other unrealized possibilities. Forsooth, the impossible is everywhere: our attitude alone makes things impossible.

The great reservoir from which life derived by processes of evolution... so first pulsed our conscious entity as Ego. It does not return to its source, whatever 'matter' may do in dissolving. For Ego shall become independent, shall become its own jussive. Soul, Mind, Body, and all that Ego shall rightly conceive, shall be increative. How do I know? Power is sometimes lent: my desire was for Knowledge, then by lightning coincidence I beheld the amazing vision of ultimate Ego. *I know*—tongue tied I cannot retell; perhaps the hinge of connection must be your own self-congruence.

If events are foretellable from the subconscious (which I maintain) how do I and others like me reconcile 'freedom of will' and 'fatalism' or 'determinism'? To begin with, man is predestined by his good, evil and past history, but within him is the potential for effort towards free will and independence. Illustration: I am predestined 'to journey to a certain place'. I have this measure of freedom: I can choose the direction and even delay the event—but go I must. It is obvious that those living a virtuous life are rectifying their future and the possibility of freer will.

There is a form of aesthesis that is only explainable by the unison of all emotions, as when all opposites mesh and our 'whole being' effluently feels: such a state allows of telaesthesia.

The coetaneous has a spatial spread, causing unknown concurrent superfetations having their abstract after-births. So, man becomes fatally committed not only to known but also to unknown commitments.

Nothing complete or completing; all existence a mighty ocean, ever resurging, reindulging, and divulging little—wherein we are thrown to grasp the straw of Ego as our raft to Eternity.

All thoughts are presupposed from other suppositions that have reality in a differential of Reality: otherwise there would be an irreflexive unalterable zero plus zero.

Belief prefers singularity yet must work through complex desire.

'That *is* beautiful!' Is not this appreciation a loose coital form?

We must compel possibility to accept us favourably if only in imagination. Commit as many mental adulteries as you wish—it denotes health.

The failures in life become the manure in death.

The substratum of human cognition is an unknown inherent syllogism creating our formalisms. The field of sentiment goes beyond, to the ideal ultimate. Beyond again is the arbitrary-causal-archetypal, the abstract span of conceivability with conation levelled to our ability.

The Mind divulges by the power of inexorable affections that become a necessity.

Sex is the only way of procreation, and our hylotheism changes the matrix of our desire.

...These poor likenesses are of slaving fears and poor beliefs. Are they the differentiated correlatives we make of ourselves for the great innovation? No, *they* must come from the sweat of ecstasy.

This is your great moment of reality—the living flesh! These self-frightened saints who bleat "all is illusion"—offer fewer alternatives to reality than half a wet dream. They expect too much without payment—to reap without sowing, and by luck to forfeit debt, so they imagine, and hope that death will be the end.

Know thyself: Such knowledge reveals little but the redundant. The hidden and the unknown are affinities, ever ubiquitous and much inhibited.

If mankind had mistrusted all teaching it would long ago have embraced Equity.

Dreams are a patchwork of hopes and fears seeking realization in imaginative reality—often now the best conative.

Man is a potentiality of *anything* becoming actuality—the least and the greatest. Seek thy way through that which is, into that which you desire or think it should be, for the day of great mutation is always at hand—for the chosen.

There is a supernal prolepsis given to those who sublimate their desire towards beauty as final pragmatism.

There are many ultimates but all sublimate into Auto-Ego.

If there was 'primacy of practical reason' then judging by 'results' it has become its own laughing poltergeist...

Wisdom is a stasis, knowledge is ever-reforming, changing, never completing.

What am I?

I am all I have remembered summarized as form, for I was once allness and absolute.

What is Ego?

That which I have united emotively of my past to things.

What is the world of environment?

My past and future selves, seen and unseen.

What does it all mean?

Whatever I desire it to mean when necessary to me.

What is it all for?

Self-pleasure by infinite unities and equal separations, to retain separateness.

What is death?

A great mutation to my next self.

There is no Ultimate: everything becomes from what has gone before, because of changing ultimates determined by our valuation of things.

Be certain, you will not experience what you do not desire unless it be forced on you by your past evil.

Creation is an ever-expanding energy rather than a work completing; infinite contraction is less conceivable but is co-relative. Space extends with thought, time with Ego.

Nothing is anything unless fixed in the substantial; thus dreams and abstracts are as concrete as anything else.

The character of a Form is determined by its featural content and function. Good and evil must be felt before they have reality. There is no conceivable benefit in emotions, considered abstractly, unless they communicate some good to our being, and every being is in some way the better for the emotions of others.

The likenesses and differences in things—their conjunctiveness or otherwise—we strive to know, yet secretly the mind's extra-sensory arguments convey their meaning by symbols and then inspire us to interpret their greatness.

All Nature is a vast reflection of that which is within us, otherwise we could not know it.

We are as we are until we extend to other needs. The mind drinks a plethora of impressions, of vaguenesses, of things held in awe. The incompatibilities, when forgotten and buried, shall re-awaken as a great race to reach Unity in new-rhythmed patterns which later develop into a cultivated process.

Instead of controlling us our inhibitions are often self-destructive—they negate the creative act through fear to perform.

Talk your psycho-physical troubles out into the open but do nothing to remove their cause—that would be too easy and might indict civilization. There is no escape by escapism—a labour of forging more chains to prevent suicide.

If I cannot believe in the eternity of Ego, whatever its fluctuations, in what shall I believe?

There is no whole without our particular parts and our efforts to become essential and more extensive.

Our positiveness convinces others who have little of it; suggestion being more powerful to convey it than formal instructions.

None of us knows our limitations without full articulation; wrong application, media, and idioms are more to blame than any lack of ability.

We should solicit extensively to procreate our thought-forms: the final phase—criticism, revision, rejection.

Mental activity is stimulated by sex-appeal, but passion is more easily squandered than coagulated.

Many things grow revertive as they advance in time: we desire longevity without its failings.

Know the spurious and ephemeral by these characteristics—laziness and imitativeness. The failures will proclaim and embrace them, the genuine—unheralded, overlooked—are wrongly assessed from the start.

If we could give a true history of ourselves it would be of our emotional changes and evaluations, shaped into character by the conflict of temperament, experience and environment.

Often we desire a truth but to maintain our errors. Sincerity lasts but simulation needs constant revision.

Thought is a reflection and all ideas in thought are possible only from a prototype.

Constant self-reformation is essential for higher attitudes. When we identify our desire with an object it is our nearest conception of reality. Procreation is a more adequate realization than other relationships, so reality is suffered only as fleeting and limited.

Our shortcomings of memory, plus imagination, produce factors which tend to reveal symbolically more inwrought things.

It is not futile to strive for reality in the unsubstantiated things of mind and, when fearless, it becomes great artistry.

Man is an infinite aptitude of possibility: apart from his media, necessity is the limiting factor.

Diverse knowledge is unnecessary, but aptitude for it is essential to wisdom.

Fundamental simplicity has an infallibility.

All things are linked by a bi-sexual correspondence, and aloneness is an impossibility.

The essential predisposition to love all things for a while is intoxication.

We fail to understand the mysterious lives we live, the plurality of things and the singularity of Ego. Whatever stage we reach is through unities. In relating ourselves—the unknown, the receding—everything that escapes the geocentric seems more significant.

The reality we know is interconnected with the unseen by some design of thought we have yet to know.

The superman becomes idiot saying "I am the Law". Outside of himself he is a dangerous somnambulist for he leads the blind.

Beauty and ideals should be strong social passions, not ornaments hidden in a closet.

A mental purging of meanings is essential for a more vital thought-stream to shape our near ability.

Man must become a realist *first* or he will remain a fool. There is pause in life when all becomes unreal and ominous; a transitory phase which becomes our level of life. A decision, a choice, has to be made existentially, facing oneself, not from abstracts or logic but from our innate good and evil.

Matter alternating, evaporating, exhausting, correlates with our means of dynamic extension—our means of obsession.

All things are in flux, nothing is static, but our truths are not immutable, and dynamic differences appear contrary to our interrelatability.

Ideas are more prolific when the struggle is for the unconceived rather than for the known.

We have forgotten Heaven's urgent significance because we overstep our real needs and go about the world mouthing doctrines of salvation like mountebanks with nostrums.

The beauty we realize is the level of our intensity and the difficulties we overcome are the measure of our vibrant expression...

Sentiment (our full emotion-equation) is the inbetweenness, man and his span, ego and all else that links him to the mind-soul reciprocally. The common right of infinite relationships is yet free, strengthening, inspiring, becoming a tireless search for Truth and

Ideals.

The Life-Force is the greater logic we overlook by our blind ethics.

Lies extend their province, their mistakes are limiting—doors shutting on the Mind's edifying requests—and the splendid figure of Art changes to a decadent witchcraft.

Long have we known the near without knowing its lineage. Ego experiences more by recognition of diversity than of likeness. Originality expresses our surprise at things felt more than at things understood.

The body is organic knowledge with cryptic signatures of its begetters, to which we add a dithering paraphrase.

We do not live eternally yet seek knowledge of eternity.

A mystic is one who experiences more of himself than he can articulate.

Until we are increative we are only circumstantial causes of change.

We form our mental conclusions via language and posit exact logic as considered evidence from insecure and ambiguous ideographs, further involved by legerdemain grammar and propositions become presumptuous. Better by far are definitions by symbolism and analogy, for at least they show subjective relationships between particular states and objective facts. Acts of judgment, however arrived at, are also involved in the apprehension of those relationships which are called 'meanings'—re-remembered associations. Also, meaning is involved with concurrent thinking from unknown presuppositions or inherencies.

Abandoned, undigested and forgotten impressions and ideas desire their evolutionary fulfilment and become substitute figures of their meanings. Most abstract thinking and dreaming is meandering in this limbo of symbolic thought-forms; such fortuitous gleaning is in the direction of inspiration from something more potent.

The only content of reality we know is Ego, or potential Ego: the thesis that there is related Ego—something like our own that can feel in some manner—has credence because all things are parts of a whole: hence, everything has equal significance and an essential and universal interdependence.

A renaissance: new forms represent the greatest daring in Art. If there were no new forms then there would be new juxtapositions and superimpositions.

Union of 'Self to Ego' is effected by obeying our more latent ideas. Self is the real thing, Ego what we realize of it.

Generalizations are ephemeral and prove only the average 'as now'; the exceptions prove the possibility of great differences by changes. The longevity of cultures, hierarchies, institutions, ideas or beliefs do not prove their general worth or truth, often the reverse (a hundred million people *can* be wrong). The exceptions are usually overlooked. For instance, the oldest and most lasting of religions, the earliest Egyptians—a complete theology in itself—is now defunct, sans priests and followers. It maintained the most rigid of conventions and limits and, throughout, the culture remained archaic.

If the Mind is a refraction of the Soul then it also comprehends and manifests all the different realities and the imaginings we see and feel. Our axial vent subconsciously gives forth all 'ideas' from this conceptive faculty, from this ever-changing, contracting and expanding speculum, yet always coalescing and designing a different pattern as a whole. Thought (as thinking) with its associating and reasoning faculties is our nexus of Soul, Mind, and Body. Its unified impact on matter is consciousness. Ingressive to thought is the dominant 'Id' of desire, the kinetic factor, initiating a constant incest and spacious fornication of which we are unaware in spite of controls; except, maybe, through those intrusive symbol-ideas that become intelligible forms only via inspiration from these complex unities by some other synthetic coition. The result becomes for us a work of genius.

What is Space? A place of prefiguring, of mutation, of refunctioning that allows the procreated design for birth. For Space cannot contain emptiness—always developing, extruding, drifting, and forcing deposits into the closets of time as correlatives; accumulating and re-shaping to drift again in some stream of air or water.

What is conscience? From our likes and dislikes made law, it assumes a beauty-reflex of our inherent values of good and evil, forming a personal religious culture begotten by the training of our Ids.

Our will proceeds from and is formed by preceding efforts, and so our further deliberations will again predetermine our future will, 'free' or not to control our instincts by transference.

What is the nexus of cause and effect? One answer is by the question: what stimulates cause to effect? To illustrate: I desire to make a pot, and from idea to creation all that is required is the 'material', which is definitely the medium between idea and creation. But we have already presumed certain factors, there is already a concatenation—'Necessity' *has* stimulated and 'Ability' *has* permitted conation. Whether initial stimulus is from without or within it is here identical, because related to the capability of the particular person. So, what we call 'mind' is a constant concatenation answering necessity leveled to our ability.

Wisdom is in the realization of the mysterious incomprehensibility of all things. Whoever the designer, he is the generator, and all the partial disclosures of our knowledge prove this. I find it difficult to recognize my own part in anything.

If I am begotten of all yesterdays, then Ego (made of memories become flesh) is my only lamp for the tomorrows.

Memories are the ghosts of experience seeking to revive, to re-birth in us.

In those things in which Man is unlike his Gods he is unlike himself.

Having realized one's own self as a refraction of all other selves and the gods, man becomes more of himself with an inclusive awareness. But by conscious selflessness we become automata of our frustrations—fit subjects and media for the stray astrals of the Qliphoth: a 'death' in that it is the negation of our own life.

I teach the multiplicity of all things—of the gods, of the milliard millionth. Oneness is always dividing; 'being' is something of everything in all things, but nothing obtains except by the casual unities of separates that make our differences. When a man realizes his essential separateness and sees himself as everything else, his only virtue is to further differentiate himself from otherness, then only has he won manhood towards Godhood.

My gods have grown with me, hence I never outgrow them; they are my potential.

There are no final conclusions. We are born believing in means to an ultimate, and life is such desire believing. Therefore, *believe in the power of belief*, and that sincerity will integrate sufficient Will for its purposes. Accept the 'as if', to evoke from your unknown self a means of transcendentalism and the magic of dynamic change.

Reactions are often worse than the thing reacted against.

Anathema quadrivial: the dark obliques from zodiacal signs, the evolutionary-parental chains, the environmental matrix, the obsession from foiled appetitive urges: thus are we born prehensive to, and slaves of, inheritances.

Creating a necessity is our utility.

The Divine effluvium is an eternal creative diversity: we are an ingression by contingency from which we simulate the creative when sufficiently individualistic.

The Subject understanding the Object by 'as if', is an ingressive emotional experience.

Those who would know themselves through their gods as other than their own selves—how blighted they appear, how sadly lost are they in their tautological theories. They too shall awaken from their adolescence and realize that the less we now of ourselves in other gods the nearer we are to the vast wisdom of our flesh.

The soul is a continuum: all perceptions are relatable, therefore real. The continuum of all aspects of knowledge is as a background to consciousness, the past becoming explicit to extend our Self.

Only the refrangible 'comes through', a filtered quasi-reality, not the 'thing' itself. The noumenon of mind is seemingly susceptible only to partitiveness—as phenomenal form. Thus all our awareness is reflected, partitive, with a linear 'I' as consciousness which motivates our faculties into actuations. Yet over and above this we have that queer feeling which attempts to get behind, to rationalize the unclarifiable. But we never do, being *dimensionally chained* and bed-companions to Mrs. God or the misused Id.

So, rightly or wrongly, I think this;—What was once free, casual and formless, seeks arbitrary laws, is precipitated into Time and dimensional form with definite functional purpose and direction about which we can only guess. Object: to realize all probabilities within definite limits, as yet unreached. These extend and allow formative desire through necessity of realization by excreative means. How much or how little is possible is bound up in a 'mystic' belief of ourselves which we know only as possible potency.

The infinite Cosmos, the Milky Way, and all therein manifest from *organism*—thus all things continue. There are no alternatives or different derivatives. So, without truth are such assertions that we did not originate ourselves of our own free will (or otherwise). *We do not know*—our amnesia covers so much. All our early history and potential, now latent, unbeknown yet, which were Unities, Truth, Freedom, etc., are now separate, untrue, powerless, or appear diverse—all vice-versas. But the eternal ever-varying flux of our media-relatability is as the ebb and flow of our capacity towards greater affinity with all possibilities within the ever *omnipresent mind, as flesh, to manifest*.

We are a great company: none walks alone, but with a formidable host of familiars, however we may clothe, shut out, or prohibit them. There is a veritable funeral procession of dead selves and loves always in attendance.

We presuppose that our processes of thought and conation are those of Nature, whereas they are a conditioned process with limited technique within our understanding: in no manner are we spontaneous—though other powers in us may simulate such when we are sufficiently automatic.

Even to see myself in others, all so much alike, the same beast amuck—rather let me know trees and have friendship with plants.

The Devil's usual disguise is authoritativeness under another name.

We know our lineage is of all things, yet the deepest thought, the wildest guesses are futile answers as to why we exist. The answer may be tied up in some form of pleasuring now unknown to us but not to our early originations... we never reach the first cause.

The diversities and differences of sentient beings are determined by planted functional desires which it is our purpose to change. We become what we desire most, and, usually, different to what we hope; repayment comes first.

Our levels are determined by our selectivity and visualizing ability.

Our adequacy is achieved by the constant effort of emulation; stale self-sufficiency
has never inspired or won much energy.

The ethical question resolves itself into a search for the principal motive of man's endeavour, i.e., his manner of action. The Stoic acts with no 'intent' of evil or injury to others. Therefore we must will against all fears and evil for essential good; for so man shall endure all travail.

Where there is life there is a degree of consciousness, however shadowy, with all its interrelating protenses. When the homogeneity of matter breaks or divides, activity manifests as multiples, and individual modifications begin.

We are overstuffed with words—now a veritable systole and diastole of mind. Whether or not we articulate correctly we suffer post-prandial torpor.

Neither Universe nor man is complete, completing, or dissolving, but resurging and re-indulging existing forms, reshaping them to form new pleasures of flesh impacting flesh. At least, so I who love fat women imagine.

When thoughts dissociate themselves from the correspondences and gradations between contrasting things, they will reform abundantly with new correlatives as emotional content in our resultant processes

of re-arrangement. Final representation is an asymmetrical balance... this 'seeing strangely' is the level of our genius.

Reasoning and its interferences are a screever's logic, useless for putting us in contact with reality—all reality being more abstract than actual, a para-ideal we know and cannot grasp. The nearest we attain to it is by a union of all the senses. A personal sentiment can, by suitable emotional channeling, be affective and can associate and express nuances and 'abstracts' which cannot be defined in thought... an unplanned latent portraying as in Nature.

In our relation to Cosmos, if significance is measured by our increative ability then we are of no greater worth than the amoeba. Nature permits no interrogation; our techniques merely imitate, and only if so allowed. Deceiver, do not further deceive yourself.

The function and purpose of life seem almost an *experiment in genius*; a chosen few at one time.

Our early acceptance of things as they are, as dominant reality, later becomes overshadowed by doubt and we conclude that evil is real, potent, and contrary to Almightiness. But, lest we forget, *there was no evil until man's advent* and therefore there is a certain madness in seeking a 'rational' explanation of life. Things totally without knowledge seem to function perfectly and are alone beyond good and evil.

The Mind is protean, ever-including, but all our ways and means are governed by multiple laws of limits which cannot be transgressed easily, although elastic, alterable and changing. Man cannot break natural laws yet he may break himself against them. The body's limits save us many stupidities.

Whatever we commit to life unknowingly, concurrently causes a subtle superfetation which forms our media for ubiquitous thoughts which form our Ego: then Soul steps in. We are always a functional throwback, the articulation of past latencies clamouring for reformation. The complex development of body becomes a more elastic medium for Ego, Mind and Soul to work through. The purpose of life appears as the conversion of matter from collective uniformity (stinking lump) into specialized separatenesses, i.e., *a diversity of individuals*. Hence there is no universal brotherhood based on equality, there being no age-group of experience, just the reverse. Time relates us to ability. Whatever our claims concerning interrelatedness, this is governed not only by heritage but by aptitude. Ability indeed has to be deserved the hard way—the way of techniques and efforts.

The body is the stuttering puppet of the mind, beginning as automatic and becoming autonomous. A transference—the puppet becomes the showman.

There is a tendency towards theosophic paranoia and mental diarrhea such as "There is no law beyond—*Do what thou wilt*". This backward conceit serves as the highest abstract of the occult equaled only by the bawdy, meaningless scribble of youth and evinces a great fear of responsibility. Our own laws are arbitrary and may be broken but we do not escape the consequences of their violation. None is beyond Good and Evil, Time or Dimension, with their laws and limits. Not one word, not one gesture, not one graph proves otherwise.

All our integrations stem from our intro-extrovertive ability; a mental breathing—give, take and remake.

Hopes and fears form the arch of most religions and creeds; concretely or abstractly there is little more from which to build them. What of mysticism?—a more enrapt self-indulging, more gaudy, the more common denominators: fortuitousness and escapism clothed in hyperbole, the old myths surrounding and hiding the dominant 'Id': "I am my own law", it sayeth. Hope on, for you are much more than you are: much more than you will ever guess as possible.

These are the 'Ids': self-protection, nutrition and sensation—breeding every hybrid and abortion by constant grafting, cross-breeding, against their, and our, intended purpose, or so it seems. What cloudy enemies, what astounding conceptions, mythologies, ideologies, lies, half-truths, frustrations, transferences, they have spawned and still spawn—all deceptions blinding us again and again. But ever, through this jungle have they created their good and evil—a 'conscience' which none has yet over-ridden, murdered or superseded. Here, no prayers please; therefore let us smile at our bloodiness in defeating only ourselves.

Here dwelleth delusion: a man sees a coiled rope and imagines it a snake, and thereby is afraid and runs away in terror. The rope is real, and still a rope; the fear suffered with the reaction is also real although bred of imagination. The delusion was caused by poor observation. Yet some would have it that because things are not what they appear to our casual glance, or because 'reality' does not entirely disclose itself at once—therefore everything is illusion. It proves that *our imaginings from illusion are real* in as much as they react on us in the same manner as if from reality.

We survive more through cowardice than courage.

Symbolic creation: a chair is not explained by its parts nor by its material or quantitative measurement. Chemical analysis and mathematics will not disclose all its meanings or origination. A chair 'becomes' from necessity. The functional unity begat the conception, design and form, which themselves are governed by, or adapted to, the material and ability available. Beauty is subsequent to utility—whether a chair is evolved over a period by co-operative ability or not is immaterial to the argument. Thus, the abstract of a chair involves: Mind, Thought, Conception and reification—everything else is integrated in these. From which we may surmise that our *essential necessity* (i.e., what we sufficiently desire) will evolve from abstract reality (Mind) for our needs to function further. Nature appears indifferent as to whether our demands are good or evil.

The formula of 'Arrivism' is made operative by vivified belief and a fearless self-positivism. The animus is imminent, generating spontaneous action by immediacy towards the object. There is no potentiality as such, only 'as now' possibility; an attitude devoid of qualities and aberrant only from 'I am'. The arrivist pre-forms as conceived; he does not know of failure which would be procrastination only. Level is never incommensurate to ability thus inspired.

Intelligence is the ability of composition, our power or arbitrary conjunctionalism giving harmony and significance to incongruities.

Darkness is only a degree of light, imperceptible to us. There is no absolute antithesis, only variation, except for God who is the antithesis of all things *we desire him to be* and must transpose to our selves.

Dreams are another and future reality, not what we suppose, nor what we desire, but what we will receive of our perverted self and its allergies to life. The whole process is a symbolic extroverting of secret adumbrations from the past, the events masquerading as metaphor or allegory in an ideographic language.

Beware the demagogue with a plausible ideology for your betterment, he is a dangerous *throwback*, mass murder his weapon.

So we are necessary, and necessitarians of a limitless necessitarianism. Things become only by making the necessity... Gods, Souls, Bodies... anything will obtain, leveled to the necessitousness of the aspirant.

Art should show us the likeness we desire to know, the likeness we miss in our day-to-day seeing.

...It is true that it is untrue, that we cannot believe the unbelievable (i.e., the unrelatable). If I cannot relate to God, am I more than the fetish-maker? And can you say this is ungodly if all things are God? For all things being God and his Will, he also determines the will of man and is also sentenced to this prison of the body. Again the same crapulence of Godliness! Thank God we are not a conception from what is conceived as God... things are bad enough...

Poverty fosters more illusions than wealth, hence the poor are the imaginative ones. Results are delayed—sometimes till the third and fourth generation.

Be enthralled by what you observe, and later critical of what you deduce. Unless one is hypersensitive to things there is no significant response.

Why do we exist? Our chief function is to *live* fully, however near the negations. What difficulties we make of this life and of the living! For most it has become a survival, a foregoing and forgetting—at best, a narrow selecting... There are more who would escape life than retain it.

All ways to Heaven lead to flesh: our reorientation and 'ascent' from Earth must begin and return here. Nothing is obtained except by desire, and our only medium is flesh: appetent mouth and grasping hand. In the midst of reality we strive, and unreality is our accomplishment. Hence I teach the equal reality of all things—man *and* his illusions. Dreams shall flesh... some day.

There is a lamentable display of 'Thinkers' shadow-fighting their fears: automata actuated by their committed untruths, seeking release from self-created illusions.

To be repressed by others—our greatest evil? Finally to uninhibit and express ourselves is usually a greater curse.

He who places his pleasure in one thing has little to please him and a certainty of dissatisfactions...

Unless emotionally exhausted, we have no time for creative ideas, deep thought, or *silence*.

Sufficient amenities for life, liberty of mind, a disciplined body, fecundity of conception and facility of expression—what more should one need of Freedom unless to rob others of theirs?

The duality I know is between man and man, man and nature, man and his God. Man is a revolt and his apparent duality the Great Mystery.

Truth is sustenance, and there is nothing untrue anywhere; it may oft appear so because we cannot relate it accurately.

Many men seek virgins for pleasuring, whereas I am oft content with an old bitch. Sound practice if you have imagination.

The object of loving is to be the beloved, and the begetting is evidence of consummation. There is no contraception in the great procreative effort to become ourselves.

You cannot start from not-belief and hope to flow into the stream of belief, as if this were possible. Usually, the inveterate I believe for us.

The secret of happiness is to be in harmony with yourself—little more is permitted or desirable. Seek your own environment and adapt it: do not ask others what is 'yourself'. I know but vaguely what I have made from memory into myself.

If there *is* a law of Nature we may know, it is the 'indispensability of differentiation' and constant metamorphosis—i.e., the convertibility of everything into every other thing to emerge again as more distinct.

If the voice of the majority is divine it has never articulated. The majority has only borrowed ideas.

All culture, discovery and Ideals emanate from a few individuals who have seldom sought power or wealth for their own ends.

The significance of Greek art is that it is a possible Ideal derived from the average; its potentialities are unexploited.

Care nothing for any social activity unless unplanned.

The unknown is a metaphor, spacious, undulating and exhibiting. Our emotional reaction to it becomes our meaning of life of which few only are partly conscious.

There is no deliberate, pre-planned passage from the particular to the universal. The passage from the concrete to the abstract is mainly casual and takes various forms, amongst which knowledge does not contribute much since all ways are legitimate. 'Guessing' has been more successful.

All creative influence begins inwardly or inspirationally, however exhibited, often unmethodically or chaotically. *It subsequently* becomes deductive, formal, doctrinal, or mathematicalized.

A known aspect reveals a new one, our presence being able to make associations with it. Imagination is still the best copula in the field of possibilities.

The best commands my responsibility; the highest in me is stimulated by dormant egotism. What is known without is the exhausting part—a heavy heritage that seems to baulk as well as help.

Beginnings and endings have no reality—they are dramatic changes.

There is no excess towards beauty—man's vulgarities are vast.

I accept only equity: no law or doctrine can be sacred to me while my nature discloses none.

While learning, always do what you would avoid doing; difficulties will not cease but fear of them will and this is the beginning of great facilities. Those who give up adopt the ease of convention and others' idioms of arrestment.

Nature reveals first by our imitating her and then by our denying her.

What is it we desire of each other? The usual blood issue, a less known unity, or our hungry deficiency seeking fulfilment...?

The nexus between cause and effect is that of immediacy.

The omniscience of the Soul throws persuasively over all things its shadow of Knowledge.

Our whole potentiality lies in our ability habitually to feel things sensorially.

Our truth is the totality of our observations when confirmed by our atavisms.

The key to all metaphysical phenomena (mind, soul, etc.) is wrapped up in our needs.

What sounds the depths and conjoins Will and Belief? Some inarticulate hieroglyph or sigil wrought from nascent desire and rhythm by unbounded Ego.

We pray... like a convulsed Naiad transfixed by rape.

There is a Grimoire of symbology, of vague phonic nuances that conjoin all thought and is the cryptic language of the subconscious world.

Deep silence and lonely longing unfreeze the all-prolific mind.

Life is a wanton whose price is death.

Our thought-patterns result from quantitative aggregations, gradations, variations, juxtapositionings and proportionings derived from our evaluations of 'other stuff', stylized by our inherent ethos. Significance depends on our ability to re-design Nature, 'as if'.

Cognition has no law, but we induce processes from some latent and inveterate syllogism conjoining other opposites by relatives and co-relatives; our illations become intensive and extensive, 'as if' true.

Our lives are spent in finding the solution, a reciprocity of para-rational creativity...

Normality should be your total difference from it.

All things are temporal feelings of Things; and Perceptions, however abstract, are realities of a reality. Existence is prehensive flesh seeking new unities, an unpatterning process from an innate diaper, reshaping by relating and unrelating, including and excluding. There is no conclusive ingression or exclusion from probabilities. For all creativity is away from constant uniformity and finalities. Causes are from older experience predetermining its own resurrection as actuality in a new *difference*. Thus the primal purpose is originality for pleasure, compensating for the travail of change. Ego, as entity, is a concretion of selective affinities leveled by our ability of recollection. Nothing becomes except by the effort, as mutual emotional apprehension. How quickly we tire and seek safety! I would ask you sometimes to forget all safety, and deny your God before you are forsaken, when fatigued.

God within us? Animals would have a better chance... Be certain that all ancestry is within, whatsoever it may be, and that it is possible to be a corruption of a finer thing. Therefore I would ask you to look within—destroy all that leads away from the Ideal, for your purpose and survival is by a further 'thisness' of yourself and not a 'thatness' of others.

There is virtue in understatement and elimination as against emphasis and buildup: a significance in omitting, yet appearing complete.

All genius is a conversion from obsession by suppressive factors, giving the simulations of the desire and finding release by conative expression: madness the failure.

When we strive to make things logical to us instead of ourselves to them, then are we makers of ugliness; affections fail and we decay and all we touch suffers.

If I obey my Ids, whom do my Ids obey? And when my dog obeys me against his wishes, does he obey me or his Ids? (Which means we also obey external influences we know nothing of.) If desires were not satisfied by transmutation, sublimation, substitution and other forms of transference, then we should be nothing more than a scrap-heap of thwarted impulses. How often can we desire *uninhibitedly*, and

satiate? Also, where there is human congress, the first essentials are religion, law, morality, and conventions with their corollary of reward and punishment—the harness of the Ids. Only the Stoic seeks and practices virtue for its own sake: not from fear, but by obedience to his Ides or his Gods.

Evolution is a process of change by creating variation, a constant amalgam of inexact sub-divisions, increasing differences, that follow a *law of asymmetry* based on constant dissymmetry becoming more and more complex until the original prototype ceases to know itself or its relatedness to all its multiple forms.

To speak of one God is equivalent to speaking of one man, one universe, etc. Constant multiplicity is the law; amalgamation and emergence to produce the greater *individual*.

There is an inverse 'Pygmalionism': The reification of your Ideal shall engender life in *you*. By one sincere belief be-lived, the Soul is nearer and discounts your uncommitted things to life. Remember: all law, of its own necessity, is endowed with good and evil and entails commitments and obedience; for all belief becomes your law.

Our going forth to find the greater Self is by the path we know least; by losing ourselves until we find ourselves.

Whether God made us or is within us, we are not yet a reflector—in whole or in part—of God. No syllogisms or revelations prove anything except our own signature and that we are like a work evolving and completing, of one great artistry—now plus our own bloody vandalism!

If the outer world is not a delusion then our concepts therefrom certainly give birth to illusions, and we are as vaulted catacombs inhabited by strange phantoms that wait to suck that energy to resurrect, to live, by a memory of that time when we made flesh from dreams.

There is no greater mystery than man because of his imperfections, his great love of falsity, his great hatred of his Self.

Ego, with all its varying degrees of consciousness, is our light in the darkness of the unseen and unknown, for it has *infinite* relatability that will replenish our light.

We often feel more in strangers, in new things, forgetting our nearer relatives, so seek relation elsewhere. No! Not when... I am forgetting the sticky anticipated near-legacy... that damned something for nothing.

Chaos is the hyle of order and the future design. If this universe sprang into existence from non-intelligence, purposelessness, and if everything is an accidental by-product, then we are bastards of futilities. Things exhausting and reforming may appear as chaotic, an essential fluidity... There is nothing accidental, everything is a predestination of incredible intelligence and order, and to some extent in ourselves—also incredibly—hence the doubts. Never should we doubt *our* possibilities via duality.

Thinking becomes an inverse reflection of our emotional needs with resultants becoming changed to some other object.

The only 'word' we could attribute to God would be *equity*: there need be no other denominator of law, morality and behaviour.

Damnation: how much must we hate to love? How much destroy to live? And how much unlearn to know anything whatsoever!

With some, love of masquerade has become a categorical imperative; when professional a kind of masturbation, imitation without proper means.

The pre-requisite for wisdom is to distinguish what we accept as true, from what is true for us.

The law of the great Id: to trespass all laws.

Nature would be gladly rid of us by making us autonomous.

Is it the 'otherness' in ourselves that makes us loathe others?

Of our solitariness: great depths are sometimes sounded; Truth hides in company.

Solecism: 'God is all giving'... or else an all-devouring Vampire taking only bloody repayment. The answer: *our* gods so do.

Do not be over-proud: the forgotten iota, the unseen germ, can kill or make you slip on your own midden.

Such as they are, and whatever they are, hold fast to your beliefs—if your own. There is nothing more indigenous to yourself and its effort towards becoming.

When desire arises from necessity and is acceptable to functional purpose it *will* formulate aesthetically and have great relationships, experiencing the full emotional scale.

Inconsequential thinking implicates more innate predispositions which eventually formulate, become spatial, and slather over into small things.

What we make factual ceases to have abstract value and becomes its own antithesis.

Life is a half-truth.

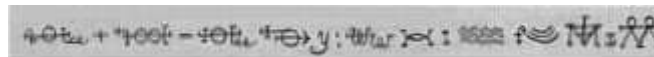
Syllogism of predicament: Do we understand a thing by knowing it? By possessing it? And when we understand a thing sufficiently do we desire it?

All thoughts are dissatisfied desires which gives the enthusiasm for life: Thought is abstract semen seeking sentience.

Man's chief attributes are his illusions.

All things are ex-copulatory: Everything is begotten of another similar thing with tendency of dissimilarity. So, any variant of a variable increases variability:

Thus:



The promiscuous superimposition of two modifications of the same thing is further differentiation: God manifests as man, as man manifests God: otherwise everything reduces to absurdity.

Man has latencies he has yet to conceive of: ecstasy is the stimulate of manifestation.

Of flesh we transfer/transmit by unity; our potentials, our absoluteness are by the same means: The nexus of all things is consummation.

We distort facts into fictions and our fictions serve as facts: Truth.

"Suggestio falsi": But to my naive mind, a naked bottom is a naked bottom, and a large colourful one equal to a sun-rise—both are freely accessible and pleasurable.

I cannot conceive of any religion (involuntary tribute) so profound, as appreciation of the flesh, it has never been sufficiently so, no texture equals flesh.

All intersubjectivity is from flesh impacting flesh.

Truth is our pragmatism, nothing is possible through freedom because there isn't any, we make our own wants from limits.

Gods are usually our presuppositions to explain ourselves.

Our conative ability is always adequate to our necessity, not our conceits.

Presential existence is what we make contiguous to Ego.

We cannot appreciate the daily miracles because we have a sore thumb—we always have a sore thumb.

Reality is not apprehended through our conceptions of it, remains a mystery: our concern is making our own form of reality.

Everything returns to its source? Probably, and most certainly if we are originators. All things change all the time and develop from the simple into vast complexities so we are uncertain of their origins.

Is the originator greater than his works? Let us have—Hope, Faith and Charity.

A touch of lusty levity cures the illusions of our hemianopic moralities, sensibilities and righteousness; for *the life-force is not blind—we are.*

If God is manifest in all phenomena, our reactions have outstripped the Devil himself.

If our ethics were as logical as our techniques and methods of design they would at least have appropriateness.

Whether the psyche develops with the body, or whether a transmutation occurs or is created by us, matters little as long as we endow it with God-like form.

Chaos wedlocked to chaos gave birth to order.

There is no impossibility as to what 'form' conscious life may take. Because of our infinite relationships, potentialities are there. The shapes of form are not yet exhausted and there are no miracles beyond living matter. Though flesh in its most radiant beauty is miraculous, it does not imply that Nature has exhausted all possibilities of pleasuring in flesh.

You are still inchoative, unfit for eternity, hence you face changes and changes...

Whether you behave as common stone or as precious jade, be expedient unto all men. Hence in Rome do not necessarily as the Romans but adroitly be yourself.

Materialists state that "mind is the accidental product of matter", which is equivalent to saying that a chair—or any human-made object—accidentally produced man and the mind, *and* the reasoning that reified it. Materialists have to swallow their own statements. They use their intelligence (such as it is) to deny mind's existence! Our evidence of separate existence lies in our reaction to things; my feeling is my apperception, i.e. Ego; for what I feel is 'consciousness as I', which may *not* be felt by anyone else.

Symbolic cosmogony: the Absolute alone is arbitrary; the design of Cosmos and Creation is Its work. The Soul reflects the whole, refracting it partitively into the mind which becomes the storehouse of experience as Memory. Thoughts are the evoked past images regrouped and patterned by the reasoning faculty. These transferences act on their vehicle, the body. This multiple impact causes the things we call life, and degrees of consciousness we name Ego (self) which ultimately 'takes over' and becomes a synthetic imitation or analogy of the *whole*—always 'as if', conclusively but never conclusive.

There has always been this self-subconscious doxology: "I believe in the Arabian Nights", or "in all my wishful thinking", and this is certainly as near truth as any other truth—usually more so. Truth is—what we make Truth.

Passion is purchased by passion.

When we exploit the extent of solitude we find it is more crowded than a great company, and the abode of our own realities. There is no retirement from solitude and we fear it when conscience is actively malignant.

When we find a friend in ourselves our enemies are powerless.

The sexually indolent are as moral suicides; they waste themselves for small appetites, and those who fret the flesh shall be cursed by something worse.

I love the greeting smile of Gods and strangers—I never know what it may mean!

To profit from the Soul is as difficult as evoking it.

Only dominant desire shall compel us to do successfully what we want to do.

Even knowing better, when self-forgetful we live on borrowed clichés.

Accept a favour only by imposing one.

The wise read, think, and accept as an opinion, as evocative merely, never as truth or as a conclusion for themselves.

Conventions, habits, fashions, make us either outmoded or servile to them.

Man's unpleasured reasons have cut loose and he is lost in a world of mad hatred.

Man is rather to be defined as a perversion of himself... living as if everything gave support to his untruth. Being corrupt, it becomes a virtue to disobey ourselves.

We have the false hope that death will stop all other calamities.

Learning teaches us how much we may lose in the process.

If our virtues are generally faults carried to excess, it is because there is a little badness at the beginning.

When we see a great work of art—we live again.

Psychology has become the best seller—the modern work of bawdy fiction.

Knowing oneself is like sleeping with a dragon.

We know little of truth yet there is nothing without it.

Thoughts direct and words govern our lives.

All secrets of Nature are kept by a kind of telling: they are under our nose.

Systems and logic become a conspiracy against originality, so great ideas are ill birthed.

All of us would be lost in freedom.

Friendship is the best mutual self-indulgence and the only necessary correlator of all contacts. To begin with, be friends with yourself.

Man is the unnotable exemplar of much more than he ever remembers.

Life proceeds only by its ability to create *difference*, nothing would emerge from the same damn thing after another.

When old memories are stimulated by some ephemeral event, thought responds and we can *force* thinking by association and be fully conscious that we are doing so—matter being the vehicle of mind. To this fractional extent we can control the content of memory.

Faults made habitual become our idioms and style.

Nothing easy has much new substance or growth.

The eternal alternations compel our untruth, unless we re-orientate.

To feel and to understand are an equation.

The main premise of Religion is the demanding of complete acceptance by faith of a dogmatic thesis and conclusion, an 'as if' that explains the abstracts and mysteries of life. As proof, it is asserted that God, or Cause, being so miraculous in its/his workings as to be beyond comprehension, over-rides all bafflement at contradictions and incongruities. I admit: Nature has accomplished the impossible—has she not created man? If you can so delude yourself, and stomach this stuff, it 'works' partially—which means that the poorest 'as if' conation is better than non-belief, and gives *something*—if only a shadowy postulation in death, or a *palliative by psycho-paralysis* in life.

The inbetweenness of cause and effect is a sensuality: we are always experiencing more, or less. Experience is interjacent to all purpose and desire and only partly disclosed to Ego. Real and vivid experience goes deeper, oft-times within lightning reactions, as when the mind releases an obligatory entity, a 'thought-symbol' reconciling or destroying fallacies, for the upstep of values.

For most the path of life is oesophagism—an end, not a means. But the mind is more omnivorous and may extend or limit, to transmute the psycho-somatic.

Schizophrenia is normal, we all have it: men and women are modified forms of each other and retain a remissness or too much of the other—sexual congress a making whole. Where abjured or frustrated, schizophrenia may become pathological. There is also the fact that we are constantly amalgamating our past selves; the dead live on and reincarnate in us. We are many people. The 'split personality' is not usually a sharp division of our good and evil, often more equal as such, or one a little worse than the other. Usually the sublated personality is the better half: hence impulsive and secret acts of generosity, hidden and unasking love, etc., from the least expected. The pathological type is very rare.

It is not things themselves but others connected with them that stimulate man's hatred... so man hateth the otherness which he encounters in himself.

"The mind in repose becomes the speculum of all creation": We hear too much about relaxing and 'meditation'. My mind (and I expect yours) works in reverse—the stimulus is from without—always chaotic, procreative and spatial of strange conjunctures; and 'repose' a period of fatigue or sleep, a renewal of the *tension* necessary for contexturation of creativity.

The question is, *how* do we *know*? "Realize thyself", "Know thyself"—which self or which part? Such statements are pathetic fallacies. How much of such knowledge is possible, helpful or necessary? And what lies and delusions we create in the knowing! Better for most to unknow what they think they know—for their own good. It doesn't need a biologist or a psychologist to tell us that the mind contains strata of atavistic vestiges which, with encouragement, may degenerate into the foulest anomalies—just give the Ids their chance! And we also know that we may curb our greedy appetites by redirection and by the placing of our real values outside them, thus cultivating our better potentials. Yes!—fundamentally, everything is as simple as that, and there is little need for Witch-doctors. Without their 'Bell, Book and Candle' one could go on laying these manufactured ghosts—the catch-phrases of *patho*-psychology. What is appropriate to normalities is so ungeneralizable, trivial, and transitory as to be almost a worthless denominator. Different forms of control and environment cause different behaviour in people, *but* our mutation now is a choice for *man may be the arbiter of his genes*, and Ids, if he so desires. There is still a period in our lives when we are again malleable and acceptive and easily transformed again to good or evil.

We surround our acts with such a palaver that no thought is pure: a clearance, reorientation, purgation and re-believing becomes necessary to disentangle desires. So, conation often entails a struggle resulting in abortive and strange after-births. Therefore weed out the clinging hindrances of prejudices, conventions, creeds that have intertwined in the processes of thought, desiring a body which stultifies your ability and makes strangers of your words and acts, and a solecism of the inbred urge. We must make an Abraxas of our desire, to foil all irrelevancies.

Everything in this world may be easily evoked and obtained through evil, which being contagious needs little evoking because everyone is relatable to it by their correlatives.

I am the power of my desire (Id).

Gods do not die but our belief in them dies through the absurdities we attribute to them. Our changing is usually a renaming and a reclothing of Them with new attributes.

The great sterilities: the numen and the humane in man—ever present are stercoraceous things of greed under other names.

The numen, the soul and the body never forsake you but you forsake them for a while.

When one sees one's reflection everywhere and sees everything in oneself, one becomes a Stoic... or a backslider to all pretences.

Through mind is our all-reachingness and thought is the copula; our technique for articulating desire is limited, bad or mad.

Soul and mind are indifferent to our language but they answer all affectiveness when conveying pure sentiment.

Beyond prediction are our uncommitted desires; none can show our unities except a reflector of our inmost desires and beliefs.

Where Ego goeth, there only is the sensation and perception of reality.

We call certain things 'Acts of God', or 'Fate', whereas they are the workings of Equity from our own past good and evil.

We make words ambiguous by adding *our* meanings; qualifications become endless and few understand themselves or others.

The Absolute creates Cosmos with its aeon; and Cosmos formulates itself dimensionally as the 'alwaysness' we know as existence—the *realizable reality*—presented serially, partitively; never known as a whole. We see only a fraction of this mighty reflection: with different times merging at any moment, and reacting from this recurrence of the 'then' to re-experience 'as now', by memory, with ever changing relationship of 'I am' through changing form, environment, desires and beliefs. The 'I' thus becomes kaleidoscopic, illusionary, refrangible, and we become lost to ourselves; we neither know whether we desire to lose or to find ourselves.

We have little knowledge of ourselves, and others appear more real than we are. We have little self-liking and hate our reflection in others, and we thereby become unreal. No man has seen himself at any time. There is great bathos in this search for our unknown self and our labour to create a permanent 'I'. We invent selves, a facade hiding what we seek. We live in a maze of re-recollection of and re-acting to the past, hence our dithering I.

All dimensions are equations of time and relate to shape in space. Conception is only possible through form, and Ego is our dimensional span.

Time, emotion, and relationship—an eternal triangle.

All that was once unconscious, intuitive or spontaneous, slowly becomes conscious, deliberate, or arbitrary. The casual (free) is the ideal. Verbal revelation always births harmful and specious dogmas.

We worship most our unfulfilled emotional reflection.

The full life is extremely partitive; the best things come unsought by complete acceptance of a particular thing.

The matrix of 'thought' is hope and fear, obverse and reverse; man must ever crystallize his desires as *potentially* fulfilled.

Progress depends not in running away from Nature, nor in combating it, but in imitating it by our synthesis. Nature is sufficiently plastic to give contexture to all probable desire—when we seek more extensive form.

Poor ideas need extravagant arguments to hide their poverty. Religious revelation is mainly hyperbole and promise without contexture of immediacy, and so almost worthless. Artists gave it what life and merit it had.

Over greater things we scrawl as *gamin*, an absurd or vulgar calligraphy exhibiting our mean motives. Our ideologies have become a superstructure of mud rococo superimposed upon the classic work of Paganism or Nature.

Remove the conjunctions from a sentence and most of it becomes meaningless. It is our power of 'abstract' conjunctivity, as well as the copulative that gives *meaning* to things.

Certainly our thoughts are not free in that we cannot know anything outside our past and present states, but we are mainly unaware of our past or present states or their extensiveness. Memory constantly unfolds and imagination is limitless. We think and believe whatever we desire to believe, whatever the motivation. There is nothing to stop us. We have the power to direct and control our desire, whether for the things of the body or the more abstract conceptions from the psyche as works of Art. With growing ability our thoughts are more free in that we gain certain powers of transference. To us, truth has relation to how much we believe of the things we would believe in.

Always true: I know and know not, for when we make a 'meaning' all meanings become obscure, beyond our definition, and guessing becomes our technique. The simple becomes complex and our logic a tautology of qualifications that are apt to somersault to their opposites, and will transform our original order into chaos.

All experiences are true for us to the extent we have realized of them. They ultimately become organic, hence the eternal recurrence giving further disclosures and the feeling that we have experienced them before.

Mind and body constantly constipating is a sign of permanent invalidism.

The beautiful face covers the skull, hence beauty is the out-product of the grotesque (no relation to ugliness).

We become like our desires: whether we desire like a God, a man, a beast or an abortion, we become akin.

The constant process: illusions becoming true, and truths becoming illusions.

Bollocks to Yoga: 'concentration' on one object is another 'illusion'. I've never managed it for a minute; perhaps morons are more successful.

Without stimulation from 'without' we easily become bankrupt of ideas.

Release from evil is more by aesthetics than by asceticism.

Learned only of our solitude is a sound personal theology.

All things realize sensationally: noting comes out of anything except by unity.

Better to believe untruth than suffer the sterility of unassertability. To believe anything sufficiently makes desire connective.

Only impacts have meaning: their consequences are true and real.

The 'as if' proposition as pragmatism: if I create the proposition that 'I am God' and the effects are extensively realizable and advantageous, then autistic thinking has validated itself—all things are given sufferance and all 'otherness' becomes relatable or not to it. The repercussions become our future heritage and our good and evil.

Religion is now institutionalized fear and beggary of the Soul. Theurgy has neither quality, its aim is self-realization or becoming as 'God'.

The State, the Community, and Democracy are fictions—a small and greedy hierarchy well hidden by political and religious facades, with all the abilities of others (by hire purchase) ready to serve their interests. Outside this, the public are all certifiable lunatics feeding on paraphrenic print and other literary trivia that bleat daily of democracy, or freedom, to rob them.

The dignity of man is that he is an individual capable of thinking and acting with virtue as from equity; from birth his chances are not hopeful...

When our spiritual and material views of life are one, each tactual to the other, then half our absurdities, fallacies, wrong beliefs and judgments will cease.

Some vegetate or stagnate, others gain complacency, all hoping for 'salvation'. Still others prefer to wander in chaos seeking no salvation but their way of life.

When the assertion is made: "It has always been that way", I say: "It need not be".

Passivity or sleep, as temporary release from tension: Yes!—but no more.

Beauty contains all meanings, could we but decipher them.

Quietism, Buddhism, and other religions, everything which denies the flesh—is the great inferiority to God in ourselves, an escapism seeking sanctuary through fear of life and inability to accept 'this reality'. They were hurt? Or was the odalisque unsatisfactory or too expensive? They expected too much for too little, or were too mean to pay—therefore: "All is illusion". But the Stoic smilingly awaits the next shower of shit from heaven. Stoics are not Saviours, Saints or Heroes and are often confused and weary, yet they prefer to find their own way and to accept life as they find it. The schizophrenics, the melancholics and psychotics—they at least are secretive and inflict no religions on others. They prove the possibilities and utilities of 'as if' when totally accepted.

I am, therefore Ego alone exists as myself, never as all things simultaneously though all things are in me—appearing and disappearing. The mind is amoral; we determine our own good and evil which in turn predetermine our partitiveness and unions. Man obtains through those unions which culminate in near reality when pleasurable metaphysic—always yielding further possibilities: our source of continuous discovery and revelation.

The essentials for fashioning a work of art: natural affinity with media and the object, ability to feel deeply, and unbiased seeing co-ordinated by enthusiasm and continued effort. Technical skill will follow. Also, it must be a necessary act (i.e., the urge to put down on paper or to pain must be overwhelming).

When craftsmanship employs superlative technique then it becomes virtuosity, an artistry equaling any form of art.

What is Abstract Art? Something we do not visualize or conceive before reification; something we feel differently about rather than know; something that has to express and clothe itself by unusual means—perhaps by allegory, metaphor, or some form of symbolism. Its processes are rapid. The meaning of the work we can but guess, yet we may be sure that its merits and truth are outlasting. There is little these days—few are sufficiently sincere to be worthy.

The chaotic mind is essential: Chang Tzu said: "The mind in repose becomes the speculum of all creation". Certainly a good condition for re-visualization of the known and perhaps for recalling to memory some relation from subconscious strata. My own and most people's periods of procreative and fulgurative ideas occur in a half sleep, as in dreaming, where I see a creation that differs from the apparent one, a kaleidoscopic chaos with every kind of intrusive image, tumultuous, with surging crowds of vague familiars from the labyrinth of mind. There are many other states of mind giving inspiration, often unexpected; as by the provoking of anger and resentment, to evoke oracles from the highest level of inspiration.

The hopeful invalid curses his sickness because he has lost the power of transference; pain makes him entirely self-centred and nothing is more devitalizing than such forced concentration.

Only by making the seen supremely tactual and our source of conception can we express anything of the abstract or unseen.

Everything has the means of protection, nutrition and reproduction: the great adjunct is a possible rhythm to otherness—a symbolic dance of potentials—outside the blind cycle of the Ids; otherwise we are mere automata.

We are as Gods according to our own ability. In this process or progress *away* from Absoluteness and *towards* man-conceived God we develop self-will, which must manifest by duality and where we again face another chaotic transition. This process has bred great individuals of all kinds whilst the bulk of mankind drifts on in unequal development—mainly sub-human. Thus, to be nearer our God-hood we must regress functionally and rely chiefly on atavistic impulses of the remote past until we are inspired by a pure instinctivism needing no other reaction than its own automatism. Hence, ideas of our being 'God-like' must be evoked by a process of *re-membering* backwards to the primal instincts till the first 'necessary one' is reached.

The Stoic does not teach by exhortation or dogma but by exemplary acts: neither does he indurate himself by separation from the world and by emotional self-frenzy. His abstractions are spaciouly amoral, vista'd acceptances, and if desired, analgetic. He is never lost when realizing himself in otherness. He is a solipsist, self-dependent, demanding only from himself, seeking no privileges; which does not preclude his giving and accepting gifts.

One's whole body and being constantly exude proclivity in all directions for affective pleasure: the sensualist for objects of sex, the aesthete for beauty, etc. Man is generally purblind—few know what they seek, only what they infer as extrinsic. The Arrivist knoweth by exteriorizing the intrinsic, by evocation; for what is not implicitly effective is never explicitly affective.

I would teach you the new ritual of 'Arrivism': If you would realize God you must first re-create your God within. You can become God by expurgating—for what is without is an exhausting-transudating past.

The immoral asceticism: having suffered they shut out the world of reality, as the means of *personal salvation*. If there *is* salvation it is through *mankind*.

The normality of life is a pastiche of unsituated occasions seeking transient or temporal alliances by exclusions. There is a constant process of re-sensitizing for interrelating towards novelty: every aesthesis

is a potential creative prehension; promiscuity is change—our readaptation to new events for emotional ingression by affinitive pleasure—selection is predetermined by possibility from a like experience.

Shit: jumpers to conclusions, generalizationists, malapropists, dream-fed wishful thinkers, self-hypnotized ideologists, materialists, Maya-mongers, zombie-zenists, the dirty-tedious apologists of Gods and men, and many other "schools"—all destroy their own arguments by having to make use of that which they deny. Thus: "Know that nothing can be known", which at least implies that you *know* that you cannot know. I assert that that Knowledge is the potential of knowing ultimately all things. Again, "all is illusion", "all is unreal", "the intelligence is false", "we have no direct experience of personality"... *ad nauseam*. And so we have the *reality* of illusion as one delusion falsifying another. For if the reality we are all aware of is unreal and we, illusionary automata without personality, and everything false, how can we know *whether it is illusion or know of an Absolute from our unknowableness?*

But! We are of the Absolute, *in as much as...*! Otherwise, neither you nor I, nor our mental powers, are any 'different' from the amoeba or indeed a speck of protoplasm. Or is there a *difference*? And therein lies the answer. If we cannot know what is *the* truth, then perhaps we can establish a negative, i.e., know what is inessential to truth? The answer is both and neither, for *all things are essential to truth* because *all things are true*. How could anything be untrue? Our 'confusion' is that we wrongly *relate* them in time and place. Moreover, Truth (for us) is always enwrapped in our belief, whatever it may be. But, if I cannot explain the Truth—for it would slip away from me—then I can truly assert *I am the living truth*.

Within the prison of dimensions and the cage of words we feed as necrophagists on our catch-penny phrases. The reality we all see and relate to—in its expansion, contraction and superimpositions—is still unexploited, undisclosed; yet whatever we demand of this 'reality' shall come out of it. If you demand of Nature, autonomy, be sure you will receive a little more than you can stomach. All this glib denial of experience is self-defeating: are you not now experiencing my knowledge via your own reasoning faculty—or are you a mackerel?

The 'evidence' of all things is consciousness *that is personal*. Most of our positive or unitary knowledge from experience has become unconscious, organic, and functions automatically. It is not normally presented to perception except when we are distressed or inspired. There are divergent ways to knowledge, and many kinds of knowledge and truth. Only effort towards truth discloses truth. If there are no conclusions—though things evolve, devolve and involve—things are ever complete ('as if'), the 'as now' always is. We do not say that that microbe is a man or has the potentiality of a man, although we may assert that man is a recurring form of parasite having for himself and his kind the greatest hatred.

Life is not a means to an end, but a transference to other means... transcending or regressing.

There is no greater evidence of weakness and inferiority than that of greed. The creative man gives much and desires little, while the bankrupt, decaying and diseased, needs every privilege and the world to succour him.

A genius is not a person who has more or finer ideas than another, but one who is able not only to visualize but to incarnate them.

Everyone desires to escape from themselves—by any or every means—a sublimation that leads them back to themselves.

The external Cosmos is an unlimited mirror of Ultimate Consciousness, i.e., expanding Ego.

Illusions, delusions and fantasy, whether of normality or of schizophrenia are the adumbrations of a para-reality sensed by aesthesis.

When I fail to see myself in all things, *then* shall I pray for enlightenment.

Though limitless, Space is faveolated and nothing escapes its closets. Space limits and makes all partitive; we are an experience of entity which so realizes. Beyond Time is limitless entity and potential Identity.

Acceptance of all things extends outwards our character, through all negations to ultimate poise.

Sense impressions yield inferior knowledge unless vitalized by affectiveness from the psyche.

Man at one with Nature is inconceivable, duality is our way, Prometheus our apotheosis.

Superman died with Pantheism—since then we have had only invalids and salvationists.

Fear not the Gods, Life or Death, but your own cowardice and all cowardly men.

All knowledge moves towards bloodless categories and nominalism; an argument for occasional saturnalia.

I believe that the whole paraphernalia of psychology, with its fixations, complexes, phobias, etc., would collapse like a rotten façade with the breath of healthy environment and wise education. By "explaining" the failure of man's behaviour and patho-mental processes it oversteps what has determined or planted its cause.

The sting of harsh criticism or of those things that cause us to revolt, release spatial responses, and when deeply felt become a means of inspiration and audaciousness—as do the silent passages of deep meditation.

Whatever we invite or accept of our own thought must first of all be expressed as a memory-metaphor. The figures and forms of our less deliberate expressions become, when persistent, the personifications of our abstracts.

Aesthetics are a reality—more permanent possibilities of sensation.

Any concept of reality is unanalyzable, yet through the whole physical world there runs an unknown content which must be tactual to consciousness—for it gives it reality.

Mankind returns to its old self by the path of its deviations: faith in genetic systems gives substance to audacious ability.

If the heart decay, pleasurable life ends and a deadly race of elementals shall incarnate, protecting their powers by cruelty and nihilism—gross human minotaurs. Exterior protection favoured the development and condition of such primaeval elementals. The human social state is not aware of this precedent, thus the transference of powers to varied conditions of human providence is dangerous.

Poverty of Art and Philosophy leads to great evils, and knowledge is "justified" only as the model for greed; ideals, and life itself, are belittled.

The unknown substrate of human cognition is inspiration—all knowledge is subsequent.

Genius is obsession, a form of love committed to life, reshaping and conserving itself by resisting bravely those things which interfere with its function.

Will is but lent to us and we put it to noble or to base ends; our good and evil stalk us and predestine our becoming.

If we are begotten of inconceivableness we are kindred.

Things that are ends in themselves tend to emotional extremes and collapse.

Greater certainties begin where logic ends.

Through our inability to attain the factual absolute, we of necessity seek the abstract—an antithesis of spatial merit.

"I am" is implicit in "I desire", and awaits the influx of "I will": conation begins when these are in harmony.

In addition to merely immediate futilities, knowledge aids our ability to conceive desirous abstractions and ideals, to seek development from the contiguous and to join experience with old memory.

The only mediator of the soul is automatic anoesis.

"I am I" only if "You are You"—will be a new apperception.

Being more dependent on instinctivism, inspiration, etc., as emanating from the Supernal, needs no knowledge to shape it until its final development.

The sense of identity is stimulated by contrasts, because the more undifferentiated the less possible is self-realization. All things appear ephemeral except Ego—our spontaneous tribute to continuity.

Our contact with the soul recedes by articulation: the phraseology of the soul is not ours, but some baffling simplicity of parallels which may be graphed.

In a mad world mad fictions almost become essential, and I, for one, believe that it is not essential to survival to have such madness.

The self and the blade of grass are still potentialities in vague eternities.

The damned course I run: this word-infected mouth has only uttered "I am I" in every sphere; yet, overburdened with pretences, ills and fears, seeks sleep awhile—that sweet release.

No dogma senses the infinite or reveals much; religion is quantity of feeling. Real belief is not taught but *recollected*: belief to be real must be profound—more even, a psychic experience, not lip-avowal.

Man's function is not only to catalogue existence but, by artistry, to enjoin the aesthetic and the ethical as logical social functions. The uncommitted life turns out to be deeply wedlocked to life itself.

Logic refutes its own syllogisms; we fly madly from experience to religion whose only alternative is another form of mania.

There is a deliberate type of madness which requires more effort than to be sane.

Man is a chaos of strange paradoxes, an accomplishment of lies and pretences proportionate to his knowledge.

Humanity sanctifies any cause.

Dreams are of so many diverse categories that any one means of interpretation gives equally illogical results.

The continuum of memory is so interrupted by alternations of consciousness that re-membling is a constant mechanism of visualization precipitated by our hopes and fears seeking flesh. One memory discloses another, and, when extremely recessive may appear precognitive: all things foreshadow their advent.

From the fringes of consciousness there comes no certainty of what we shall imagine next; only this is certain, it will be something that succeeded previously but with a different intensity or merit.

Our instincts condition our appreciation of beauty, and the fact that feelings affect our welfare predicts further changes of ethical concepts.

An adopted aesthetic culture, when foreign to our native ability, is a disastrous commitment: false unities breed ugliness and abortions.

Art is a means of experience by abstracts that cannot be validated by other means.

We are in the belly of the universe however much we suffer digestively.

All ideas, conceptions, abstracts and hypotheses are assumptions from factual premises, but often so badly rendered as to be worthless.

Thought processes are derived from immense incongruities though corresponding abundantly in meaning with emotions: conception is this sentiment becoming mosaiced.

Although *of* space we have little spaciousness.

Inspiration is the successful colonization of unities beyond our prescribed sex.

In the end, we reason that the objects of which we have no conscious experience are relative to those of which we have.

The argument that every strong and peculiar expression is merely mental hyperbole does not explain our correct though instinctive apprehensions, inspirations—and certain dreams.

All believe in the extraordinary proceeds from our once-virgin astonishment at existence itself which induces a propensity towards the marvelous that receives a check only by redirection and relearning. But our reasoning and our learning are both forged by presumptions. If experience gives authority to testimony, recognition by ideas does the same.

We are never fully aware of things except by the influx of sexual Will awakening us.

Pain and pleasure: neither exists without a medium. We make our own evil—there is no malignity in Nature. Man, in his efforts to violate Nature is himself violated.

Truth is an equation of time-space; untruth is unrelated to immediacy.

Life is insatiable desire, persistent yet ever-changing. It strives for expression by dramatic unities. We are afraid of it by heaped-up conventions and even stranger ethics.

The familiar induces fatigue-indifference; let nothing be seen in this manner. Let seeing be as vision—every sight a new seeing. Fatigue is far less frequent when this is the constant attitude.

Sincerity is difficult in the stress of transitory modality and the kaleidoscopic chaos of near and belittling events.

We believe only as deeply as we have experienced of the believed.

All things fornicate all the time.

...And remember, you shall suffer all things and again suffer: until you have sufficient sufferance to accept all things.

Our understanding—indeed all art and science—is fundamentally a relationing and synthesizing of everything: Identity by identifying.

All thought-processes, whether stimulated by objectivity or by subjectivity, must finally become a spacious metaphor revealing the whole cosmos and everything in it as interwoven and interdependent. Its apparent duality and separateness lie in our own concept or in ourselves—a delegation of transference to become increative.

Any synthesis we make is of selected parts redesigned as a whole, never a sufficient consummation. Our processes of cognition are arbitrary or casual because nothing is presented as logical sequence. This does not infer illogicality because we do not comprehend either relationship or nexus. Whether it is our purpose to link with utilitarianism a correct sequence of relationships, or whether to be more audacious and translate our valuations into an ideal of greater reality—is our choice.

Ideas of an abstract God are just as anthropomorphic as any other, but more back-dated.

Mathematics are a form of human logic—an arbitrary thesis which of itself evolves nothing and proves only possibility.

The seeing of an object is the presence of an idea in thought...

Amidst the chaos of spacio-temporal phenomena we are sense-blasted, shaken to our very depths by arguments of good and evil—"Do that, don't do this!": adumbrations of the conceivability of our immanence is lost.

Darken your room, shut the door, empty your mind. You are still in great company. The numen and your genius, with all their media, and a host of elementals and ghosts of your dead loves—**ARE THERE!** *They* need no light by which to see, no words by which to speak, and no motive for communication except your own purely formed desire.

Not *what* we believe, but *how* deeply and sincerely is the question: without belief nothing can inhere.

Relationing, not religion, is the need; religion has always a wrong self-righteousness.

Many roads have been fashioned yet none lead towards Self. Therefore, when in company, take the eclectic Path; when alone, take the oblique to the known.

God-Soul-Body has no more precedency than the reflector, the reflective and reflected. They are interdependent, dependent, and independent—becoming spatial in space, alternating in time, combining and separating endlessly; seemingly casual as the way of the Life-force.

We cannot fathom more than the believable—that is our level of ability—but it does not preclude our feeling more.

Euphony is formulated sound. Wisdom cannot articulate in a flood of words but may express itself in some resounding word-graph to cipher a mystic meaning.

See that your in-breathings are of purity so that your out-breathings are not foul. I have indrawn all foulness, but my exhalations are not *that* bad. As human beings, all we absorb—psychically or bodily—forms its own excretion.

The rationale of our beliefs and acceptances usually spring from pretentiousness or misconception, never as compensation for our failures. Therefore, do not believe in God because you have failed to realize yourself, but believe in God in order to realize that concept in yourself. Even though the first stimulus comes from without, there is in this way more likelihood of response.

Everywhere the juke-box wails "I got rhythm, I got music..." and everyone asserts that he is as good as everyone else. Yes!—rhythm with what? The blind-worm cycle? And as good as who? No man is equal to the gods, neither his soul nor his better self. If superior to another, the virtuous man does not state it, concerned as he is with his inferiority.

From the phenomenal-allogical world we infer our paralogism, hence our fictions are provable, or not, by such casuistry. Our fiction of geometry must therefore be our method of proving fictional evaluations.

From the amoral phenomenal world we form our ethics. If (as usually stated) it were a virtue to cultivate one's talents and endowments as a means of self-realization, does the natural liar become the best or worst of liars? The answer is that there is a 'free point' where such imaginative ability may be transferred to artistry, i.e., social validity. Means, methods, and technique may fault or determine the ethical quality of expression. The only pragmatic sociability of things is aesthetic truth. If a thing is beautiful we are with it.

Accept the illusive phenomenal world as the reality of conative hyle and sensational flesh opportuning. Accept the introspective domain as the *abstract procreative*, predestinating, and equally real. And so make things that *give*...

Our desiring causes a necessity. We cannot otherwise want, conceive, make or cause necessity unless we already have it within us, and we can evoke that thing only by functional means, i.e., by believing in a 'meaning' which we read into it. The phenomenal is the positivistic fiction of thought, the absolute negation of reality. Therefore, the Cosmos—being the negative form of Absoluteness—we (I) invert the concept, either accepting it as positive (real) and being negative to it, or being positive to it, as if negative, or wish some other mentation equally valid. Then, the magician's stance is in 'as if', and presuppositional.

The phenomenal world (not 'as it is in itself') is the only 'real' world we know and is entirely apparent, neither explaining nor revealing purpose, meaning etc. We imitate, compare, receive spurious impressions, and try to co-ordinate differences from which we make a synthesis and call it 'knowledge'—mere pretensions of partitive impressions and personalizations of truth with or without intentional or affective experience. This method of co-relating constitutes our Ego of flabby presuppositions—a concretion of preferential values determinative of validities and abstractions as good, bad, indifferent, etc., from a world of indifferents. But the real world, the actual 'thing in itself', is nearer—e.g., Ego as the subjective and only reality that is not a pretentious supposition. Thus, any personalization, image, induction, deduction, or transfer from objectivity (or subjectivity), will become valid as appearance.

Therefore it is epistemological and ontological, made within Ego; its law (must be) *unnecessitarianism*, until I so determine, for this world I so make...

...Within my right hand is allness, within my left—nothingness. Crumbling both within my fingers there shall spring forth all the yous in thatness, or not, as I so will. Belief is the lever and fulcrum to lift the world—to shift the axis of being.

We have within us knowledge of all we have experienced yet we cannot cognize it unless *re-lived*. What we have within us we cannot realize unless stimulated by some experience from without: a rule of regurgitation.

Man leads two lives (two-faced mongrel), imaginary and more or less real. He has marked preferences for his suppositions; he fears or resents everything that makes him feel inferior and therefore grasps everything that gives him a sense of superiority. Man, as standing unpretentiously for what he is, is inferior to none—beast, man or God; which makes the whole thing an absurdity. Man lies to defeat his defects; he deceives a few, but himself most; paradoxically, because he is actually far more than his pretences. He who 'pretentiously' says he is God, says far less than the truth. His syntax is at fault... he is only what he formulates as be-livable as God.

The all-wise mind permits us any absurdity; yet power is given to all self-believers whether for good or evil. Should it worry Cosmos if we act the Goat, or fall, in our vicious circle? Therefore, believe in yourself altruistically and your contingencies will be equal to your ability.

The net of Space enfolds us, its meshes are close when our contraceptives are evil. Here is hilarity: we prefigure ourselves! What do you expect to be, in inverse ratio to your pretensions?

Man is consanguineous to all creation, his likeness is everywhere. The Universe, Sun, Moon, Earth, all they germinate, and all metempiric 'beings', serve or succour him at some time: *all*—his heritage and *the everlasting past* into which man functionally prolapses. Life is maintained by eternal impact and convertibility, a metamorphosis for perfection of function. Man has become a sur-mammal mainly by the form and perfection of his hands: his best shape permits his renaissance to perfection as man; but even his most ideal form is deficient for any kind of Godhood.

But man is also something of a stasis, for his forgetfulness ever exceeds memory, and his summation is *always half-knowledge*. Yes, not even the half of it. We know little or nothing of the aftermath and ultimate of thoughts and deeds. Whether amalgamating, exhausting or developing, nothing ceases, but changes in its form of existence and eventually returns to the instigator... thus we increase or diminish.

The defect of all our conceptions is that they manifest a feeling for particular forms and show little feeling for the whole. What we embrace is obvious stuff, suggesting much or little—seldom is it subtle, illusive, or suggestive of the spacious, unplumbed, circumambient abyss we never succeed in enclosing, but which encloses us as an Identity in time-space.

Man has already fallen exhausted at the foot of a mountain of littlenesses, facts, figures, knowledge, nominalism, categories, etc., which have served only to excuse and to fuel the miseries of greed. So, every believer in Art, Beauty, Mystery and Magic is my brother. They at least are great geocentricists, anthropocentricists. Their reasons and conclusions do not refute their logic or syllogisms, having one Truth only. They do not fly from experience and lapse into faith because of failure. They believe in the Ego, always guess their Ideas or await inspiration from the Soul.

God: either a perspective predicament or the becoming potential self personalism, when as 'attitude' is the evaluated (suppositive attributes), has little tenure (tenorial form of duration in Ego): (e.g.) Our word media of conveying meanings i.e., desires seeking substance, neither entices, converts, enacts, only

conveys back little or nil. (e.g.) God ex Mind ex Ego as alogical, responds by uninterpreted parallel cyphers: an impersonated sympathetic synthesis hidden within meaning (as Self to self).

(God) nothing as neither is never either and neither-neither: either knows neither by neither-eitherness:
So (as if I) neither knoweth either... therefore when I so make an uncypherable geometric

cryptograph it is a 'neither', i.e., unrelatable to thatness becomes an either (unpredicting) i.e., true form, as such, must seek function from its own thisness and will reform substantially original meaning (prediction from).

Dreams show us a vent which we have not explored. Ego is our only reality—of which we know nothing.
Inspiration comes in flashes but experience is constant.

The abstract-actual is a belief, and, being believed is true; therefore, suppositions believed become substantiated by intangible hyle. There is only infinite actuality, and truth is what we make it: our inexact juxtaposing, blending with muddy interferences, baffle us and our inferences.

Zos spake thus: *fornicatus benedictus!* The best things are obtained by spunk. But this method of copulation emphasizes merely one's separateness by means of another—and not reality as-it-is-in-itself. It commands us to feel freely and deeply without restraint until worn out with the effort for unity. Still, what would you in a world of limited sex? No scrotum outlasts the morning...

I am a Pantheist 'as if', because I can conceive God in You and You in Me—a new Anthropolatory: God in us all and in all potencies. We *cannot* adopt the 'as if' and love all things as ourselves, but we can love ourselves 'as if' all things.

The principles of Ethics could be Pan-integral, for any essentially 'logical proposition' is Ethical (i.e., equitable to everything else).

Life has many doors and there are many different Heavens. Death is one such door.

All knowledge becomes *good or evil*. Our wonderment at spatial creativeness striving to glean or grasp something beyond the dimensional is more proliferant of significant Ideas and more effacing of low levels than any other form of 'conceiving'.

Any stimulus may produce almost any response rectified by its functional direction and our ability of expression. Whether *stimulus* is from 'within or without' is beside the point: the body is a medium from a chain of medianimity that reflects what is put into it and reacts in a manner predetermined by the capability of the medium. All kinds of matter are permeable by other suitable kinds and energy is always either entranced or active in matter which, when saturated by it, formulates, differentiates and separates—and entity becomes...

Physiology and consciousness (body and Ego) are phenomena that occur, *not* as casually connective but as conjunctual all the time (in some indirect manner). Philosophy should awaken to the fact that science itself works on philosophical presuppositions but is itself no better off with its endless contradictions and diverse 'isms', often little more than 'idioms' of a 'particular'.

The flesh inherits all things.

The last act man will forego is his sadism.

Human inventiveness: Ego and Sin.

All virtues are expendable and dissipate easily, whereas evil is ever near and plethoric.

The beginning of Wisdom: "Wouldst thou be virtuous? Then search out thine own evil" (Epictetus)
[Footnote: Stoic philosopher ca. 60–110 A.D.] Thence the Stoic diverts his own evil to combat other evil.
Yes, and cast his bread upon the waters, without thought of return: what hurt shall accrue? Virtue by
stealth, fearless condemnation of evil.

Our significance: a virus or an axial shift could destroy mankind totally.

Consciousness may result from a reaction to infinite impacts.

If we could define all the conceivable connections that a concept could imply we would have a complete definition of it. But what is a concept? It is essentially hypothetical and related to concepts; a visualized phantasm transcribed into word-image as a 'method' of cognition. All mentation is a special form of cognition, therefore any conceptual value within its own context is not true universally, but is true, conatively, as means or media.

Truth is a bogey; our question should be not whether true or not, but—is this a 'means of expression'? (the dynamic tempo 'as now'). Everything is a directional degree of functional purpose seeking 'means' of conative ability; therefore, if we can discover the correct medium for *anything* whatsoever—abstract or concrete—manifestation will follow.

The magician is Inscrutable: the verification of all inconceivable impossibilities which 'need not be'... but he IS.

Did not great Satyros tell me: "I am with you always, *your way*".

A thing produced by any thing is as natural (or unnatural) as that thing; what it does not reveal (either way) is latent within it. Therefore, if 'Nature' produced the butterfly and man, both have in them, revealed or not, each other. Therefore, whatever man is, he has within him whatever caused him.

There are words of everlasting luster, sound sequences that may be alogical yet as near to Truth as it is ever possible to get.

Certain sequences of sounds and signs, all of which have untrue meanings—could set this world aflame.

The shifting meanings of our intertwined nomenclature, inexact references and ambiguities, have the virtue of spatial span and are evocative by selective expressionism having an emotional quality which gives aesthetic validity, whereas more formal phrasing would convey far less.

Truisms and generalizations are concretions of discursive cognition, dangerous outside their own framework. Hence the magician uses such means for expressive evocation, etc. Normal language is concerned with conveying to others deceptions, hopes, fears, knowledge, desires, etc., to cause changes and enactments, whereas magical language's entire concern is to obtain from the subconsciousness answers to requests (another form of prayer) by primitive symbolism. It is believed that such intercommunication is possible only by cryptographic symbols: a transference of the intuitive to the tactual.

Man is a very mean measure of all he is liable to conceive, and of the forgotten residue of his experiences. All truths are dimensional (often of two) and always directional, but what we often discount or overlook is the elasticity and tolerance of forms (as now), and that at any time and place anything may be true or not. Relativity is no more true than not—therefore a thing is equal to its degree (in direction).

Our factor as 'constant as', is our belief as synchronizer (to instant instance). Neither time nor space actually expand, they merely alter relations by formal stages. We are those changes and relations, contracting, individuating, etc.

If we constantly circumambulated the span of our orbit we would never intersect or retrace our previous footsteps. We would be traversing a Sisyphean eternity; everything would be changed, including our form of apprehension: our constants, our differences to... and our ability to copulate somewhere. Ultimately, we do not so much desire to know the meanings of things as what they mean to us, but to know what they mean *in themselves*, as reality. The Stoic shares reality by tolerant acceptances. Such a quizzical attitude receives answers which—whether true or not—become the embellishments of life... as appreciating beauty where it concerns us. A thing that appears repulsive and ugly does so only in ratio to our degree of tolerance. A worm to a worm is beautiful—and it is unnecessary for us to turn worm-like to know it—we are already too worm-like.

Nothing in Nature has been so maligned, castigated, wordily mutilated and destroyed, as man. Actually, I have my tongue in my cheek for I know that whatever has been derogated of him—I am worse. Man is man's only menace—and his only salvation. Man has little or not feeling for self-criticism or for criticism by others, and when 'fate' lands a heavy kick, his reactions are... !

Unheeded, the Ids stutter their meanings as desires and function through forms, and we shape our ideas by 'as though', transforming our realities through our imperfect perceptions of them. Hence, Desire, Will, Belief, as functional, are more contrary than harmonious, the Ids always triumph, hiding our true function; they never die, only diversify. If you cannot stomach them in one way, you will in another. Truth is the ethos of our vast emotional complex reared on the structure of the Ids.

We can predict man's conceits, a new variety of mentation, of analysis, etc. Yet none can predict man's next form (if any), but only possible reversions or higher general levels towards that which has been already reached. What is not perceived cannot concern us, although man generally is endlessly improvable. Man may be a stasis—sufficient: geometry exhausted. Man is the miracle of creation, there is nothing better than flesh, i.e., flesh at its best. It is our reactions that are at fault.

The thesis of Karma is the only *rational* explanation of fate—by abstract or other thought. Only the all-magnanimous Stoic sayeth: All suffering is self-inflicted.

I hope, very modestly, to remain eternally 'I am I'...

Having realized our reality, its potency, its vast heritage and the delegated supremacy of Ego—promising the surpassing of all limitations—we blink, close our eyes, seek for all littlenesses and harness our desires to the corrupt outgrowths of our Ids. Is there no antidote for self-poisoning from our substitute realities? There is only stupendous Reality to embrace: cease doubting! Death is a relatively small event in living—less and less in your infinity, your reality.

No excogitation but instinctive guessing is still our best guide in the labyrinths.

When we appreciate vibrantly the vast significance of all creation, however small our understanding—then we are endowed with a measure of significance.

All experiences are sensations by impacts. Man is basically dominated by his Ids (passions) and is entirely determined by his loves and hates. He would remain either static or destroy himself except that the *a priori* pushes him, willy-nilly, through his sense of morality and social convention. There is compromise.

Dialectical and rational: The acceptance of all things, including Nature and our own small contra nature, everything as reality without reservations. Unfortunately we cannot swallow all this at one time, our form and aptitude preclude it.

All forms of reality appear to exist within their own rights. How much they derive from and rely upon unknown sources is guesswork. As a general observation, we can assert that everything acts as a means to everything else and that whatever is operating is of greater intelligence than ourselves. But, however much is disclosed to us is, comparatively, a mere iota of the whole. Everything is activated by a mind greater than its medium.

Self-masochistic-sadism: Love thyself as thy neighbour.

The law of genius is its own lawlessness of truth, its own inspiration; of originality, its own necessity; of conation, its own spontaneity; of Nature, its own individuation, etc. In fact, work from your own alogical 'ism'.

If we prohibit others from thinking for us, and if we have little capacity for thinking let us posit our own belief, 'as if', and things in thought will think for us. Any part of a whole derives its ethos from the whole, and when so posited will function as a whole. Much of our mentation is a 'thing in thought thinking', so, go to sleep... And, when dead, all our bloody ideographs *live* for us...

I could not repent, I could not pray, or ask forgiveness, so gave others repentance, prayers, forgiveness, and repaid God also. How? By revealing beauty where not yet seen. I know nothing more ageing than 'logicism'—bothering to be logical.

Concepts that have no sensuous form (reasoning, thinking, etc.) spring from a latent geometry of our mentation: our geometry is the silhouette of *a priori*.

The only evidence that we were, are, or will be of God is 'presentient prehensiveness', for what cannot be conceived cannot be existent 'as now', but will be... so I bid you replace time by *your* immanence.

...And I, unhappy man, saw the 'energy ethos' rise from my dying cat, a dark astral, a reversed and inverted shadow. Dead stuff, the body, like tarnished food that by re-dressing cannot simulate again the magic aptitude of opportunity's stolen Life.

We came out of eternity and absoluteness into time. Is there a returning? And what of our sentiment, the vast rag-bag of our emotional range—must these trivia re-enter? Do all our strivings and ideals count as nought? As the lover of flesh and humanity I prefer Time to Eternity.

The supreme defeat is resignation. The triumph over death and all things is by fearless desire. There is not one thing obtains in this world except by effort and struggle to render desire. The born genius is only spending the virtue of previous effort.

The Gods do unto you whatsoever you do unto others; also, what you do unto yourself will be becoming to you.

Beauty appeals because it is the most rational thing we know.

Truth as the sentient, and Reality in all its forms, shapes a *quadra* and presents to view a spatial quinary: two profiles, many three-quarters, full face and backside. All thetheses give some sort of view, none the entire view, but a synthesis of all philosophy would give the most acceptable. Hence I accept not the circumviatory view of things but our *obliqueness* as essential for any stance; our metamorphosis is by such reorientation from the stock-pile of acceptances...

We must constantly create our duality—and constantly do so, willy-nilly.

Anti-climax of our purpose by allegory: the Potter and his wheel mean more to me than all the religions; he works from his necessity for the necessary, often giving exhilarating beauty from himself to others.

Gods, Soul and everything is as *flesh*, whatever the textures, and as concrete as our own. We are ever terms of existence whatever our fluxing consciousness permits. Those dupes who deny their flesh are either drug-sodden or self-hypnotized, have simply failed their flesh, afraid of life, would beg their sustenance and the *mind has tired of them*. They live as under a stone with their stinking theses. Again, I state that although all their wisdom and inaccurate visions are from the same source they are far less than when accepting the wisdom and beauty of the 'body' to which they owe everything.

Life seems a lengthy process of waiting for the materialization of oneself as representative of, and equal to, our ideal or desire, because we are ever as we are—the *realized* incarnation of our last self, forever...

Some laziness has this merit: while so, we are seldom predatory and interfering, and, perhaps like many, indifferent to much, thinking that success these days is no more desirable than failure.

The law is so contemptible that its chief service should be to estimate its injustice.

The ancestral sea: constant ebb and flow, and ever causal—spawning. So like us, yet unstable with ever changing mood out-masquerading all masqueraders, all women; terrible, or as beautiful as crushed sapphires, glittering. It goes on for ever with serum-soaked ebb and flow.

To whom the Ids obey—now is the moment when immanence is imminent.

Whatever the nexus between things may be, the effect is... a constant changing conjunctiveness.

Nothing enters the mind save from experience. And how far back and forgotten the experiencing? And how far forward goeth the further experiencing? Is it some vicious circle of one experience, infinitely split, re-experiencing... so much?

Living according to any preconceived thesis or ideal may be as crippling as living up to any worn out shibboleth, cliché, or similar absurdity; the disguises of the Ids are many. Therefore the Stoic adopts his own virtue and behaviourisms to which (by singleness) he automatically responds. His instincts healthily revived, he smells out all falsity and fallacy. He does what he so will and takes all responsibility—thus the virtue. *Do as you please, to whom the pleasing is the law*. Only what you enact has sincerity and the potent form of affection.

Between all things are strata of experience, stimulating by similarity the tendency to remember and to inherit. We emerge from one thing into another leaving a crypto-psychism of our knowledge which, ghost-like, lives on, adumbrating our fatalities whereby our past constantly re-enters us. What we reactivate is determined by our belief, will, desire, and action. Were I a vampire what somnambulists would I awaken!

When the great fatigue overtakes me, and life and myself tire of the poor media, judgment after death will be my least worry. Our good and evil live on; expiation will come with re-birth.

How much I spawn!—as wind-blown, how little fertile.

When people tell me they have experienced everything... I gasp! What they really mean is this: these are the things *they* have known—usually of poverty-stricken unities and frustrations.

From childhood until death we seek and enjoy a substitutive reality, unwittingly making a parallel. We instinctively imitate the fact that we are the substitute of a greater reality—ever seeking compensation by substitution, for being substitute; a double paradox.

By relateness we are as diatoms emerging from the ooze of becoming. Likewise by relateness we are greater than anything we conceive or know. Our accomplishment is in our greater reality as individuals (by originality).

If the Absolute is absolute, nothing is impossible; which implies that arbitrarily without necessity—the Absolute, like Jove, may take pleasure in contact with human flesh... why not? If we are to have the miraculous what then is more wonderful than giving dimensions to infinities?

We seldom realize that life is a constant dramatic interaction of our visible unions and separations, motivated by our invisible unities and dissolutions. We awake to further indeterminateness.

The blind still lead the blind. How frustrated are the materialists in that they cannot envisage the manner of the interaction of life on matter... thus resorting to the absurdities of blind forces and accidental by-products! What knowledge Nature has disclosed they have abused in destructive beastliness—indeed, we all await annihilation. So, why should greater knowledge be given? Man has reached his full foulness—has become himself a blind force in an accidental by-product and, like Judas, betrays us for a few pieces of silver.

For those who fear reality, life becomes belated and a staleness—an ever re-living of yesterdays in phantasy.

The fractional second is the path I would open... Magic is but one's natural ability to attract without asking.

Mathematically, square and circle are zero forms—the symbols of eternity as 'time-space'; all shapes are their partition, combination, variation or asymmetry. The square is the rectified and utilitarian form of the circle; zero, the symbol of eternity as 'time-space'.

Life is the anticipated situation that never happens; our expectancies create a foetal wish that is never birthed.

Where beauty and virtue are wanting, everything will be wanting but hate.

Man ever aberrates—even his normalities!—mainly to compensate for his deficiencies, and often founds a shadow-world that accepts and reflects the assured survival of his weakness.

What stupidities benight the assertion that *anything* was created unrelated to all else; if things were entirely separate, complete, they would be static and quickly exhausted. Life, growth, change, into and out of things to all possible transmutations. All things serve each other, willingly or otherwise. Yet we live by every means a partitiveness and make our ignorance as permanent as possible... and nothing seems more lasting than a lie.

We are millions of yesterdays, and what appears autogenetic is the work of unknown mediators who permit, or not, our acts by the *mysterious chemistry of our believing*.

Beauty alone reaches simplicity because it is basically 'economy'. Envy overadorns, paints, ostentatiously clothes and transfers to mode. The naked figure is a more fluid and truthful beauty: hence to marry a 'face' is often to marry a fiction. Our work and behaviour is the truer portrait, the 'values' we live and give by.

When thought dissociates itself from the correspondences and gradations between contrasting things, these will re-form abundantly; final representation is an asymmetrical balance. This 'seeing strangely' is the level of our genius.

So, rightly or wrongly, I think this: what was once free, casual, and formless seeks arbitrary laws, is precipitated into time and dimensional form with definite functional purpose and direction about which we can only guess—to realize all probabilities within definite limits—unreached yet.

...That wonderful first glance at anything which is fleeting but, if caught, suspires into great Art.

